WOMEN AUTHORS of OUR DAY *in Their* HOMES

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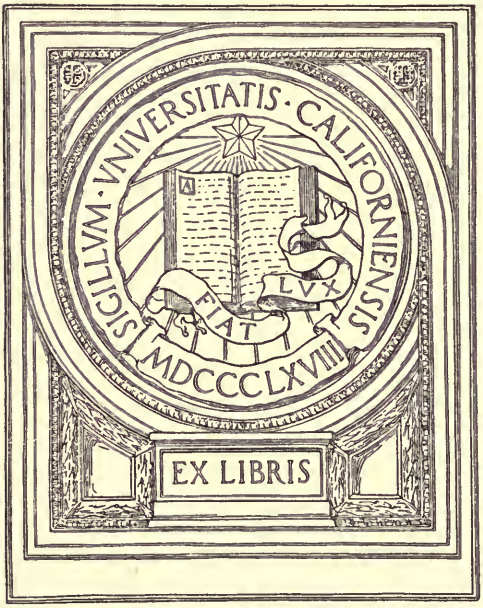

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Women Authors of Our Day in Their Homes

Note

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Marion Harland's Home.

Women Authors of Our Day In Their Homes

Personal Descriptions & Interviews

Edited with Additions
By
Francis Whiting Halsey

With many Full-page Illustrations

New York
James Pott & Company
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Howes

Preface

THE two volumes already issued in this series have dealt exclusively with the homes of men. They have illustrated the marked improvement in the worldly state of authors that has occurred since Hawthorne lived in the Old Manse at Concord and Poe in the cottage at Fordham. Meanwhile, authorship has become a source of income to women, a considerable number of whom have found it the means to a comfortable livelihood. The present volume, in accordance with the original plan of the series, presents accounts of the homes of some of these. It is the last volume of the series.

The editor begs to say that he has derived no little personal pleasure from the reception which the reading public has accorded to these books—a pleasure which has been something more than an echo of that which he derived from the reception given to the sketches when first printed in THE NEW YORK TIMES SATURDAY REVIEW, *of which he at the time of their publication was the editor. The success of the series probably could*

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not have been so great had the books appeared a generation ago.

Popular interest in the homes of authors belongs indeed to quite modern days—at least in so far as we may judge from books that have been written about them. Ben Jonson wrote an account of his visit to Hawthornden and the chronicle has become more interesting in our day than anything Drummond himself ever wrote. Erasmus was not unmindful of the interest which lay in his stay with Sir Thomas More, while Voltaire's journey to England bore fruit of the reminiscent order. But it remains true that for the widespread attention now paid to authors' homes we are indebted to the taste of our times.

To Washington Irving, more perhaps than to any other person, is this growth to be ascribed. To the impulse created by his writings, we must ascribe the success of such later publications as "The Knickerbocker Gallery" and "The Homes and Haunts of Our Elder Poets." Before Irving went to Stratford, few were the pilgrims who sought the streets of Shakespeare's town. Before he wrote of Poets' Corner, the sacred precincts of that storied aisle had shared little of the world's personal regard. These things have now so changed, that Stratford and Stoke Pogis, Abbotsford and

Grasmere, Concord and Irving's own Sunnyside, seem likely to rival the shrine of Becket or the dome of Michael Angelo as places of pious pilgrimage.

Within the walls of houses where books grew into life nothing more than memories may remain, but men and women will not pass them by unheeded. They haunt such homes. Imagination comes to their aid and they readily restore the former scenes until the very atmosphere seems still to breathe of minds which dwelt there. Be the place simple or be it grand, the interest is ever the same. No resplendent dwelling-place, neither Stowe nor Cliveden, neither Lyndhurst nor Biltmore, can hope to become familiar to one person where Shakespeare's birthplace, Sunnyside, or the cottage of Wordsworth is known to a thousand. Thus does time accomplish for the writers of books poetic revenges, and thus do we see vindicated the remark of Emerson that "that country is fairest which is inhabited by the noblest minds."

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Introduction

The Pecuniary Rewards of Our Older Authors

Introduction

The Pecuniary Rewards of Our Older Authors

NOW that women have invaded the ranks of successful authorship, readers perhaps will find it interesting to have given here a suggestive record of some of the slight pecuniary returns that were derived by authors from their books, one, two, and three generations ago. It is not more than twenty years since Oliver Wendell Holmes wrote to a young writer, with whom he sympathized, that all the authors in the United States, he believed, were as poor as church mice. The young man had aspired to act as amanuensis and private secretary to Dr. Holmes for any compensation he might offer, but the doctor assured him that he had never indulged in any such extravagance. The only professional man of letters of whom he knew who had had a private secretary was Prescott, and he lived on inherited wealth.

If we look backward to the very beginning of any adequate pecuniary reward for the American author, the success gained by Irving will naturally be suggested first. The initial part of "The Sketch Book" was published in the United States in 1819

in an edition of 2,000 copies at seventy-five cents a copy. Irving, or one of his brothers, assumed the publisher's risk; and it is presumed that he received eventually about $600 on the venture. With the exception of $150 he had been paid for the work of translating a volume from the French, and some slight profits from the humorous "Knickerbocker" in 1808, the returns on the sale of "The Sketch Book" were Irving's first earnings in his own country.

He was at that time thirty-six years old. "I have suffered several precious years of youth and lively imagination to pass unimproved," he wrote from England to his brother, "and it behooves me to make the most of what is left." Two-score years remained to him after that resolution; and the tabulation of the money his works yielded him during that period presents the total of $205,383.34. Of that amount $122,380.11 was derived from sales and the leasing of copyrights in the United States, so that we have an average of $3,059.50 yearly during forty years.

The largest returns came from the "Life of Columbus," of which there was an abridged edition for use in schools. The two editions of the book brought together $9,000. Next in pecuniary profit was "The Conquest of Granada," yielding $4,750; then "Astoria," for which Astor paid Irving $4,000;

and after that the "Alhambra," bringing $3,000; "Bonneville's Adventures," $3,000; "A Tour on the Prairie," $2,400; "Crayon Miscellany," $2,100; and "Legends of the Conquest of Spain," $1,500. The lease of the copyrights of "The Sketch Book," "Knickerbocker," "Bracebridge Hall," and "Tales of a Traveller," from 1828 to 1835, brought the further sum of $4,200.

From 1842 to 1848 Irving's works were out of print in this country, and a noticeable fact is that, of the entire amount they earned for him in the United States, $88,143.08 came during the last eleven years of his life and after there was a revival of his reputation and his works, when the books were offered in a uniform edition. Irving, in fact, was not in easy circumstances until renewed interest in what he had written had become pronounced in his new publisher, who was now George P. Putnam. The total amount subsequently earned by Irving excited remark and wonder. No American author of the first rank could make such a showing.

Cooper, who might probably have come the nearest to it, always took pains to conceal his earnings. Professor Lounsbury states, in his biography of Cooper, that there appears to be no way of discovering what amounts he received. His earnings by his pen began with the publication of "The Spy," in 1821, and continued for thirty years. Divide,

however, the total amount received by either writer, and especially Irving's earnings, which are known, by the number of years, or the number of works, the amount represents and the result may assume a less dazzling appearance. Until a period of unprecedented sales for popular books had arrived, Irving was the one author who could be cited as an example of what a prolific writer might hope to gain if he captured great popularity on both sides of the Atlantic and retained it forty years.

In Charles T. Congdon's delightful, but almost forgotten, "Reminiscences of a Journalist," published in 1880, the statement is made that fifty years before the time when Congdon was writing there was no such thing as remuneration for authors, apart from the money paid to preachers and the writers of school-books. "I should be surprised," he adds, "to learn that Bryant received any pecuniary compensation for 'Thanatopsis,' which was published in *The North American Review* in 1817. I believe that Godey and Graham, the Philadelphia magazine publishers, were the first to pay at all handsomely. The coolness with which an editor would graciously accept an article and print it without a word of thanks was even then irritating, though we did not expect anything else. Now it would be regarded as a piece of swindling. Mr. Willis was the first magazine writer who was toler-

ably well paid. At one time, about 1842, he was writing four articles monthly for four magazines, and receiving $100 from each. Even this would not now be considered much for a man of his great popularity and reputation as a writer."

It was Willis who took the lead in pecuniary success among authors that were next in succession to Irving and Cooper. We must remember here that Hawthorne, Longfellow, Lowell, Poe, and Willis were all of about the same age, and began authorship contemporaneously. Both Hawthorne and Willis were leading contributors to *The Token,* an annual published by S. G. Goodrich. To the former Goodrich wrote in 1830 regarding four sketches, "The Gentle Boy," "Roger Malvin's Burial," "The Wives of the Dead," and "My Uncle Molineaux," that, as a practical evidence of the uncommon merit of the tales, he would offer him $35 for the privilege of using the first, which must have delighted the man to whom for some of the "Twice Told Tales" only $3 each was paid.

Later Hawthorne was offered by the same publisher $300 to write a book of 600 pages on the manners, customs, and civilities of all countries. His college friend, Horatio Bridge, wrote to him the same month: "I have been trying to think what you are so miserable for. Although you have not much property, you have health and powers of

writing which have made you and still make you independent. Suppose you get but $300 per year for writing. You can with economy live upon that, though it would be a d——d tight squeeze. You have no family dependent on you. Why should you borrow trouble?" This friend, unknown to Hawthorne, assumed any loss the publisher might suffer who dared to tempt the public with the collected tales.

It remains to be related that Goodrich's other discovery, Willis, was doing much better than the recluse at Salem. He broke away from New England early, and hastened to New York. There he became a partner with George P. Morris and Theodore Fay in publishing *The Mirror*. One day in 1833, while the three put their heads together in Sandy Welsh's oyster saloon, so runs the tale, it was agreed to send Willis abroad to write weekly letters. For this undertaking Morris and Fay scraped together $500, and it was promised that Willis should receive $10 a letter.

That was the amount which floated Willis while he was making the acquaintance of English society and producing the first of his "Pencillings by the Way." The book brought him repute and $5,000. Four years later, in 1839, he stated that his income for the year had been $7,500, "all used for expenses and accumulated debts." And thirty years

later, when he died, something similar might have been reported.

During this period, while Willis was the most popular and the best paid author, Edgar Allan Poe appears to have been the writer of real reputation who got the smallest remuneration. His first earning was the prize money, $100, he received in Baltimore for "The MS. Found in a Bottle." After that success he got employment as assistant editor of *The Southern Literary Messenger* at $10 a week. Later, when he was a free lance in Philadelphia, he contributed much to *Burton's Magazine* at the rate of $3 a printed page. Several of his best tales were published at that price. He sent reviews and critical articles to Lowell's *Pioneer* in Boston for $5 and $10, but that publication finally failed, leaving him one of the unpaid creditors.

In 1841, when he was thirty-two years old, Poe wrote to a friend in a Government office that he would be glad to secure any regular work which would pay him $500 a year. "To coin one's brain into silver at the nod of a master," he declared, "is, to my thinking, the hardest task in the world." In 1843 he won from *The Dollar Newspaper* a prize of $100 for the story entitled "The Gold Bug," which had been rejected by Burton. That, with the single exception of the other prize already mentioned, was Poe's best pay for any single produc-

tion. His greatest success, "The Raven," was sold in 1845 to *The American Review,* a second-rate monthly, for $15. *The Mirror* reprinted the poem immediately, calling attention to its exceptional quality, and it was soon afloat in all the papers of the country.

Poe's next best achievement was "The Bells," published in *Sartain's Magazine* for November, 1849, the month following Poe's death. The editor who accepted the poem, Professor John S. Hart, once related to the present writer the particulars of the transaction. Poe called with the manuscript while on his way to Baltimore in the spring of 1849. Professor Hart paid him $15 for it. Several weeks later Poe sent him the poem rewritten and lengthened, asking for $10 additional, and that also was paid. When the poem was published it was discovered that Graham had also bought it from the author at the same price.

The literary pay which Lowell and Longfellow received in their early days was not sufficient to encourage either to dispense with a salary as professor of $1,500 a year at Harvard College. There used to be a statement current in Cambridge that, about the time when Lowell was appointed to a place in the diplomatic service, his neighbor, Mr. John Bartlett, the compiler of Bartlett's "Familiar Quotations," had realized more on three editions

of that work than Lowell had received for all he had published. Lowell's first pay of any consequence was earned by editorial work and articles contributed to *The North American Review*. It is inferred from a passage in Scudder's biography that when Lowell had $800 in hand he felt at ease in money affairs.

Longfellow enjoyed the labor of composition, pay or no pay. Although the publisher of "Hyperion" failed and one-half of the edition was seized by the creditors, the author wrote: "No matter. I had the glorious satisfaction of writing it." He also informed his friend Green, in 1840, that all the publishers, whether of books or periodicals, were desperately poor just then and that the editor of *The Knickerbocker Magazine* had not paid him for his work during the last three years. A letter from Park Benjamin at the beginning of that year makes it apparent, however, that the editor of *The New World* was not without money. "Your ballad, 'The Wreck of the Hesperus,'" he sent word to Longfellow, "is grand. Inclosed are $25, the sum you mentioned for it."

"The Skeleton in Armor" was printed in *The Knickerbocker* for January, 1841, and the pay for it was $25. A few months later Sam Ward, who was then in Wall Street, began to act as Longfellow's literary broker in New York. He wrote

to Ward that Benjamin wanted a couple of poems and had offered $20 for each. "If you have not disposed of 'Charles River,'" he directed, "send it to him. I shall send him a new poem, called simply 'Fennel.' It is as good perhaps as 'Excelsior.' Hawthorne, who is passing the night with me, likes it better."

It was Ward who negotiated the sale of "The Hanging of the Crane" with Robert Bonner of *The Ledger* in 1874. Longfellow knew nothing of the affair until Ward carried him a check for $3,000 and asked for the manuscript. The money proved too tempting to resist. Bonner, in addition, made Ward a present of $1,000 for the service he had rendered him. In 1877 Harper & Brothers paid Longfellow $1,000 for the right to publish in their magazine the long poem "Keramos." These two amounts were the culminating prices for Longfellow's single productions. His executors estimated in their accounting that the plates and copyrights of all his works in 1882 were worth about $30,000. He had been an industrious literary worker for more than fifty years.

Other items which may be added, giving evidence of the remuneration that the most famous have received, should include the first instalments to Harriet Beecher Stowe. For "Uncle Tom's Cabin," as a serial in *The National Era*, during

part of the year 1851, she received $300. Then John P. Jewett, a young Boston publisher, offered to bring out the story in book form if Professor Stowe would share half the expense. That offer was declined. The daring publisher—many others having refused to consider the book—thought twice, and boldly signed an agreement on March 13, 1852, to publish an edition of 5,000 copies and give the author ten per cent. on all sales. The yield to her in the first four months was $10,000.

As a money-earning novel Mrs. Stowe's work left those of her contemporaries far in the rear. That famous book is commonly believed to be the most widely circulated book ever written in this country. None of the recent great successes has rivalled it—not even "David Harum," the chief success of all, with its total sale to date of 675,000 copies. Hawthorne had published "The Scarlet Letter" the year before "Uncle Tom" appeared, and when Mrs. Stowe was counting her thousands he had in the bank $1,800 as the profits, which he meditated investing in a house and land somewhere in the region of Lenox.

Next to writers of fiction, Prescott, the historian, is believed to have had the largest financial success during the years immediately following the period of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" and "The Scarlet Letter." Six months after the publication of the first

two volumes of "Philip the Second," in 1856, he stated that in England it had been published in four separate editions, and in the United States 8,000 sets had been sold. The impulse it had provided for the sales of his other works had resulted in an absorption by the public of about 30,000 volumes. That sale brought him $17,000.

But here we have only the credit side of Prescott's account in writing history. The debit would reveal, during about twenty-five years, a large expenditure for books imported from Spain, researches essential to his work, and the cost of all the stereotyped plates, which he leased to publishers after his reputation had grown sufficiently to attract them.

This summary of the value of authorship in money, in the long twilight, or gloaming, before the dawn of a golden age, may be left to a comment by Bayard Taylor, with whom a retrospect concerning rewards and recompenses was always more or less a favorite pastime. "Wealth," he wrote to a Western friend in 1877, "is never attained in this country, or perhaps in any other, by the highest pursuit and most permanent form of literary labor. Emerson is now seventy-four years old, and his last volume is the only one which has approached a remunerative sale. Bryant is in his eighty-third year, and he could not buy a modest house with all he ever received in his life from his poems. Wash-

ington Irving was nearly seventy years old before the sale of his works at home met the expenses of his simple life at Sunnyside. I have no reason to complain of the remuneration formerly derived from the works which I know possess slight literary value. But the translation of 'Faust,' to which I gave all my best and freshest leisure during six or seven years, has hardly yielded me as much as a fortnight's lecturing."

Marion Harland

In Pompton, New Jersey

BY MARION HARLAND*

Born in Amelia County, Virginia

Alone.
Judith.
The Hidden Path.
True as Steel.
The Royal Road.
Dr. Dale.
Sunnybank.
From My Youth Up.
Eve's Daughters.
His Great Self.
Literary Hearthstones.
Common Sense in the Household.
Loitering in Pleasant Paths.
Some Colonial Homesteads.
More Colonial Homesteads.
When Grandmamma was New.
An Old-Field School-Girl.
The National Cook-Book.
When Ghosts Walk.

* This list of books and the most of those which follow are not offered as complete lists. They will merely serve to suggest some of the more important works by the authors named.

I

Marion Harland

In Pompton, New Jersey

THE name of Sunnybank, an old homestead in Virginia, which is also the title of Marion Harland's eighth novel, has appropriately been given to her country house on Ramapo Lake, in the picturesque Valley of Pompton, in New Jersey. Here, with the Ramapo Mountains circling about them, Dr. and Mrs. Terhune for thirty years have lived in summer. Once they spent a winter there, but winters are now generally passed in the city.

Through Mrs. Terhune's kindly forethought her faithful coachman met the writer of this article at the railway station—and Pompton is blessed with two railroads to New York—and drove him over a mile and a half of macadamized road to Sunnybank. With evident loyalty, he pointed out "our place over there" as we came to the western edge of the lake. Directly opposite, on the south shore, was Sunnybank, a fine growth of native trees surrounding the house which fronts on the water. The road winds along the shore to a little bridge

which spans a narrow stream at the easterly end of the lake, when it crosses to the south bank and returns almost to the other end.

Finally, as we passed a little brown lodge, a gently sloping roadway went through well-wooded grounds toward the shore of the lake. Then came a turn, and the carriage was at the hospitable door of Sunnybank. On the southwest side of the house a veranda enclosed in glass is fitted up in winter with shelves filled with growing plants. Fronting the lake, the porch is also enclosed in glass. On the occasion of this visit, which was in winter, Marion Harland's grandchildren—the children of her daughters—were playing on the frozen lake with skates and sled. Mrs. Terhune's library, which opens into this sheltered porch, is a cosey room of soft and quiet colors.

The walls and ceiling are finished in wood, mellow and rich of hue, suggestive reminders of Virginia or North Carolina or Georgia forests. An old spinning-wheel with a bunch of flax was near the fireplace, over which hung a festoon of rosaries of every description arranged in intricate lace-work fashion. The abundant book-shelves, occupying every bit of available wall space, were hung with golden-brown curtains of a soft finished material which a very profound masculine ignorance cannot further describe. Comfort, simplicity, and

an absence of ostentation were the thoughts promptly inspired by this room. Its belongings and appointments were subordinated to the kindly presence of the mistress of Sunnybank, which maintains, as one might expect, the hospitable traditions of its Virginia prototype.

The published pictures of Marion Harland very generally give the lines of strength which one sees in her face, but they quite as generally fail to reproduce that womanly softness of countenance which makes her so approachable. Her voice—and a voice tells more than any words it utters—is of pleasing quality, sincere, not low, not high, but of moderate pitch, and informed with that contagious quality of wholesomeness which a very large constituency of readers instinctively associate with its owner.

"You won't mind my knitting, will you?" she asked, taking up her needles and a ball of crimson wool. "It is near Christmas, and this is a gift for a friend."

Then her deft fingers rapidly plied the two needles all the while she was conversing with that entire freedom from pre-occupation which makes a man wish there were some masculine equivalent for knitting or sewing.

"I used to be very reticent about my literary work, even my past work," she said, "but I suppose I have become more sensible. I never talk about

anything that I am doing, not even to my husband, though I frequently take counsel with him. If he sees me engaged upon a piece of writing, he never asks about it till I speak of it. And I observe the same habit with him. If he is writing a sermon I do not question him. It has been for years a mutual understanding between us. I remember one day at a reception people were continually saying to me, 'What are you doing now?' until I was very weary of it. I went up to Mr. Stockton, who had a tired look on his face. 'I suppose, Mr. Stockton,' I said, 'people don't dare to ask *you* what literary work you are engaged upon now?'

"His face was wistful and weary. 'I have had forty-three persons ask me that since I came into this room,' he answered, 'and one even asked me how much I made a year. I had a notion to say—' What he had a notion to say, of course, he did not say, for Mr. Stockton was too kind and gentle-spirited to tell a man capable of asking such a question the unpleasant truth it would be well for him to know."

Like many another lad born south of Mason and Dixon's line, the writer had made his first acquaintance with fiction in the pages of Marion Harland. "Moss Side" was one of the first books he ever read, and this he had read and re-read times without number. It was interesting, therefore, in recount-

ing to the author that boyish enthusiasm for the book, to hear her own criticism of herself.

"I outgrew my earlier work," she said; "I wrote my first novel at sixteen. That is too young. I should never allow a daughter of mine to do such a thing. It seemed to be liked. Yet I was entirely too young to publish anything. An author should not be judged by her first books, especially if she began at such an age."

"Wasn't your 'Marriage Through Prudential Motives,' the first story you published, reprinted in England, translated into French, retranslated back into English, and reprinted in America?"

"Yes. I published it anonymously. The New York *Albion* reprinted the English version, which had been translated from the French. The *Albion* contained nothing but English reprints. My sketch had appeared in *Godey's Lady's Book,* and naturally, when *The Albion* republished it, Mr. Godey came out and claimed it as his story. He did not know who wrote it. Nobody did. I kept it wholly to myself."

"That, and the success of 'Alone,'" the writer said, "is almost as remarkable as the success of the heroine of Mrs. Augusta Evans's 'St. Elmo.' I made the acquaintance of that book by first reading the burlesque on it."

"'St. Twelmo!'" laughed my hostess. Reply-

ing to some allusion made to Mrs. Evans's style, she said: "Mrs. Evans is one of my friends. She never uses in conversation any kind of speech but the simplest."

Speaking of her earlier work, which she had outgrown, Mrs. Terhune remarked: "I don't think it did any harm. I think the sensational literature which abounds now *is* harmful. I had a letter only a little while ago from Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney. She is now advanced in years, but she still pulls a strong bow. She expressed herself with the greatest vigor against this devastating flood of trashy novels."

As we went up the stairs to Mrs. Terhune's study on the next floor, she said: "Our house is itself a box, with additions put on here and there as we needed them."

The house, nevertheless, does not present the appearance one might expect from the method of building. It is commodious and harmonious. The study, with a beautiful outlook through two windows upon Ramapo Lake and the encircling mountains, which are spurs of the Blue Ridge range, had very much the look of being really a literary workshop.

"Sit down in that old chair," said Mrs. Terhune. "It's older than you will ever be. It belonged to my great-great-grandmother."

The writer sat down, interested and pleased, in the venerable heirloom, covered with a quaint patterned cretonne, while our hostess on the opposite side of her desk, which is placed at right angles to the two windows between which it stands, recounted her tribulations with temperance fanatics.

"In some of my cooking recipes I recommend liquors, which stirs up a good many people to write to me. Some years ago the editor of a religious paper attacked me as the cause of thousands of drunkards' graves, of widows and fatherless children. He was considerate enough also to send me a marked copy of the paper containing his editorial. I showed it to Dr. Irenæus Prime of *The Observer,* who came to my defence. He wrote a reply to the other editor, in which he said he thought the very best thing you could do with brandy was to burn it, and that the cooking of liquor evaporated most of the alcohol, so that it couldn't be intoxicating.

"My average mail for *The North American* syndicate is five hundred letters a week. That makes over twenty thousand letters a year. Besides these I have my personal correspondence, which is large. I could not get through with it all but for the help of an exceptionally good secretary. Then I am strong, and work systematically. I write an abstract of my reply to every letter, either on the envelope or

a piece of paper attached to it. My private correspondence I write wholly myself. People write to me about everything. Some of the letters I cannot answer. Some want me to write the story of their lives, and divide the profits with them. Others wish me to write stories the plots of which they offer to furnish on the same terms. They are not infrequently offended when I decline. One such I told I could not write on all the subjects I had in my own mind if I lived for a hundred years. One projector of an English paper wanted me to contribute for a year without compensation, with the promise that after that I should be paid better than I ever had been paid by any paper."

On the desk was a collection of paper-weights. "It's a fad of mine," she said. "My friends are continually sending all kinds of paper-weights to me. I collected the rosaries you noticed downstairs over the fireplace in the East when travelling with my son in 1893–94."

Her latest novel, "Dr. Dale," was written in collaboration with this son, a New York journalist.

Out of one of the many bookcases in the room Mrs. Terhune took a green morocco case. "This is the only illustrated copy in existence," she said, taking out of the case a beautifully bound volume of her novel, "His Great Self." "An intimate friend, the present owner of Westover, sent me

these illustrations. All the pictures are taken from the original portraits."

Besides many other photographs it contained a photograph of "King Carter," of Colonel Byrd, and one of beautiful Evelyn Byrd.

"That picture of Evelyn Byrd on the wall there," she said, pointing to a framed water-color, "was made from the original at Westover. The present owner of the grand old homestead gave it to me."

Out in the trees between the house and the lake, as we talked, squirrels were racing with that acute vitality which seems to belong peculiarly to them. Mrs. Terhune pointed to them and said: "The place is alive with squirrels. Although Dr. Terhune was a great sportsman years ago, he never touches a gun now. Indeed, a gun is never shot off on our place. In the summer it is perfectly choral with birds. We have about fifty acres here and twenty on the west shore of the lake, and the birds seem to know they are safe with us. That is my daughter's country house over there, opposite—Mrs. Christine Herrick. She calls her place 'Outlook.' There is a superb view from it. She is often here, and we have, besides, a very pleasant society among our neighbors. Another daughter, Mrs. Van de Water, lives on the other side of the lake."

A few minutes before the writer left Sunnybank Dr. Terhune returned, giving a cordial greeting

and subsequently taking the writer into the carriage with Mrs. Terhune, who had a call to make on the way to the Erie station.

A little one-story house was seen by the driveway. "That's the doctor's den," said she. "He thinks there's no place just like it in the world. It's an Adirondack cabin."

As the carriage crossed the bridge Mrs. Terhune pointed to the villas scattered along the western slope beyond the lake. "When we came here thirty years ago," she said, "we were the only 'city people' here; all these have followed us."

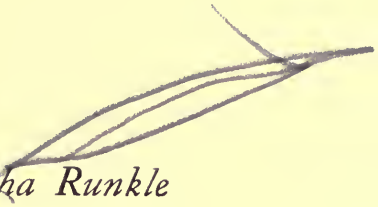
"And how did you happen to come?"

"Dr. Terhune was a great sportsman," said his wife, "and used to hunt and fish all about this country. Besides, he had a clerical friend who was settled over the old Colonial church here."

Our author's zealous studies in the field of biography and American Colonial literature have borne fruit in her series of "Literary Hearthstones" and "Colonial Homesteads." In recognition of her Colonial researches she was the first woman admitted to membership in the Virginia Historical Society; she is also a vice-president of the Society for the Preservation of Virginia Antiquities, and in 1894 was appointed a delegate from the American Historical Society to the Historical Congress held at The Hague.

Her immense correspondence, through a large newspaper syndicate, keeps her in touch with all classes of American women. Of this branch of her work she speaks with enthusiasm. "It is like keeping my finger upon the pulse of universal womanhood," she says, feelingly. "The labor is a continual pleasure."

It is in large measure to this native fund of wholesome and healthy human sentiment that Marion Harland's wellnigh unparalleled early success was due. It was a privilege to see her in the afternoon of life unspoiled by a lifetime of such success as has come to few writers in a generation, and still radiating the potent personality of a good woman.



Bertha Runkle

In New York City

BY MISS RUNKLE

Born in Berkeley Heights, New Jersey

The Helmet of Navarre.

House in Onteora Park, the Catskills.

(Where "The Helmet of Navarre" was first written.)

II

Bertha Runkle

In New York City

WHILE conversing with Miss Runkle it is difficult occasionally not to forget that one is speaking with one of the popular authors of the day, whose success with a single novel has been such as to make the contemporary sales of "Pickwick Papers" and "Adam Bede" seem absurdly small. In the first place, the author of "The Helmet of Navarre" is disproportionately young, and in the second place, the flattering deference of her manner is apt to mislead one into a dogmatic statement of opinion ill-according with the proprieties prescribed by renown.

Indeed, even while the victim of an interview, Miss Runkle solves the continuous problem of causing her interlocutor to forget the authoress in the woman in a manner which, save for anachronistic difficulties, might have been recommended for imitation to Mme. de Staël. Not only mentally, but also physically, the chronicler of "Etienne de Mar's" adventures is above the stature of the majority of her sex, which partially, at least, reconciles one to the inconsistencies of feminine description of sword-play and bloodshed.

"There are two kinds of novels which I like," she remarked when, toward the end of a visit, in the fear of a lack of "copy," the conversation had been brought heroically round to an interrogatory basis, "the romantic style, such as I myself write, and the exactly opposite sort, the novels of manners and character, such as Miss Austen's, whose books I read over at least once every year."

Miss Runkle's home is in an apartment in New York with her mother, Mrs. Cornelius A. Runkle. Consistent with the inconsistencies of authorship, the disciple of Scott and Dumas writes of the adventures of the cavaliers of the picturesque, uncomfortable sixteenth century in a prosaic, modern apartment, with all the latest "conveniences." Books, however, are everywhere in evidence, forming a bridge to the most distant lands and centuries, and reminding the visitor that he is in a home where they are not only written, but also read. To those who have had to do with the successful authors of the day, especially English and American, it is a matter for continuous surprise and disappointment how completely in most cases they have preserved themselves from the infection of culture and from the consequent widening of their circumscribed horizon.

"Americans read books and attend the theatre for the purpose of being amused," said Miss Runkle,

in the course of an attempt to analyze the baffling secret of success. "Certainly they do not go to the play in order to hear serious questions discussed, or classic literature declaimed, as they still like to do in Germany and France. Whether this taste will ever change is more than any prophet can foretell. One thing, however, appears certain, and that is that it is men who care for the romantic novel and play, while women prefer the analytical and problem sort. Men, I suppose, have, so to speak, troubles enough of their own, and take their recreation in a form that will divert them from serious thoughts."

"Will you tell me why you chose a time and place so different from your own experience for the scene and period of your story?"

"Ah, well, you see I have had no 'experience' worthy the name. I should not have had the presumption to write of my own time, and the men and women about me, because I am too ignorant, and too limited. I have had too little chance to observe. But all the past is at my service. I can enter that field on even terms with any veteran, if I have the seeing eye. And if you live yourself into that past, your story ought to be as vivid, as 'realistic,' as any tale of Fifth Avenue or the slums."

"Then you have a special taste for French history?"

"For *all* history. Ever since I could read, I have

read history with unfailing delight. I have always been allowed to browse in the library where I would, and I know French well enough to have found great pleasure in old memoirs, and half-forgotten tales, and chronicles, and biographies. It seems to me that I know old Paris better than I know new New York. But, in fairness to me, you must remember that the 'Helmet' is not, and never was meant to be, a 'historical novel.' It is simply a story of love, and politics, and adventure, which happened—really *happened,* so far as I am concerned—in the Paris of Henry of Navarre, and in which, by the accident of circumstance, that very amusing gentleman was concerned, to some small extent."

"And the original idea for the book, Miss Runkle—how did you get that?"

"Well, that came to me in a rather peculiar way, through a dream that I had a number of years ago. I have always had the habit of dreaming extremely vividly, so that often in the morning I can hardly distinguish between reality and what I have dreamed. On this memorable night I thought I was awakened by a brilliant light shining in my room, although I could not make out whence it came. Getting up, I went to the window and looked out to see a wall a few feet away from me with three men at another window. Even in my dream it struck me as strange that I had never

noticed this wall before, and I determined to investigate the matter in the morning. That was the extent of the dream, but it was so vivid that it made a deep impression on me, and I began wondering how I could make use of it for a story. The idea then occurred to me of a lad coming up to Paris and looking out of the window as I had done. The lightning I invented, as, had the light been actually in the room, he would of course not have been able to see the faces of the men. From that as a germ the whole of the book developed."

"How long were you actually writing it?"

"It is impossible to answer that question categorically, as I wrote and rewrote the first four or five chapters several times at intervals before I settled down earnestly to finish the book. I had always had the desire to write a novel in the uncertain future, and when the conception of the story came to me, although I couldn't get it into shape, I felt that there was something there, and for that reason I couldn't let it alone, but would take it up every now and then anew. When I actually began continuous work, however, it went rapidly; taking only about four months in all, I think, to complete the story. Then I took my courage in both hands and submitted the pages to The Century Company to see if they would print my book. The possibility of its appearing in the magazine never occurred to

me, as I had been told that they never published a serial by an unknown author. In a very few days I received a letter asking me to come down to see the editor in charge, who offered to bring the story out first in the magazine. It seems they were anxious just at that time to get hold of a romantic serial, and Mr. Gilder, who was in England, had tried to make arrangements for one over there, but had been disappointed at the last moment. So everything happened to favor me, and the first instalment of the story appeared in August, although it had only been accepted in May."

"I suppose you are at work on a new story, are you not, Miss Runkle? That seems to be the fate of everyone who writes a successful book."

"Yes, I have begun another novel, but I would rather not talk about it, as I have a superstition that what one talks about never gets accomplished."

"How did you feel about the book when it was finished? Had you faith in it, or had you lost all confidence that it would succeed, like the majority of authors?"

"Well, I should have lost confidence, I think, had I not read part of it to my mother and to one or two friends, who all encouraged me to finish it. When I am writing it seems to me most excellent, but after it is once written I go to the other extreme and imagine it is absolute trash. One thing

I should certainly not like to undertake is to begin the publication of a serial before it was written completely. Imagine getting half way through, and discovering that the story absolutely refused to work out as planned! You see one's hero sometimes has a way of thwarting altogether one's original plans concerning him. How do you account for that?"

"Undoubtedly by the influence of some girl upon him," the writer replied, and my hostess laughed her genuine, whole-souled laugh, that serves to put one into pleasant conceit of one's wit.

Miss Runkle's mother, by the way, is a well-known figure among the literary women of New York, though she has published comparatively little over her own signature. For many years she held the position of reader for a prominent publishing house, and has edited several volumes of prose. She has also conducted classes in New York, and has delivered lectures on literary subjects.

"I was born under a lucky star," said the young lady, as my pleasant visit ended, "but the best of my good fortune is that I have my mother for my kindest and severest critic."

Agnes Repplier
In Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

BY MISS REPPLIER

Born in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Books and Men.
Points of View.
In the Dozy Hours.
Essays in Idleness.
Essays in Miniature.
Philadelphia, the Place and Its People.
The Fireside Sphinx.

III

Agnes Repplier

In Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

"SHE has revived the art, wellnigh lost in these days, of the essayist. There is no province of the essayist that she has not touched, and there is nothing which she has touched that she has not adorned. Her wisdom is illuminated by her wit, and her wit is controlled by her wisdom." This is the partial characterization of the contributions made by Agnes Repplier to American letters, as delivered by Dr. Horace Howard Furness on the 22d of February, 1902, when the University of Pennsylvania honored her with the degree of Doctor of Letters. While the scholarly old gentleman was speaking, the whole of that great gathering remained standing, and the heartiest applause met his closing sentence: "Into thousands of homes her voice has brought learning and elevation, purity and refinement, and her Fireside Sphinx, with well-sheathed claws, will play immortally in the fields of Asphodel with Lesbia's sparrow."

Slight and somewhat gray, with kindly expression and the most genial, genuine manner, Miss Repplier is the very embodiment of that good sense which she is said most to admire in both men and

women, and of that artistic temperament which shows so clearly in every one of her delightful essays, as well as in everything with which she has surrounded herself in her Philadelphia apartments. There, too, is her quaint humor, a constant quantity, coming again to the surface as, looking down into the city streets from her windows, she said: "Philadelphia is not pretty, and it is badly run, and has a wretched climate, but it does offer one pleasant people and delicious butter.

"I am not really a Philadelphian, you know," she continued. "The mere chance that brought my father here, and allowed me to see the light here first, does not make me one. Just residence, and only residence, can never make your true Philadelphian. Of course, I have lived here most of my life, but in the true sense of the word I may be said to have no real home, which is not saying that I would not like to have one, for I should, and very much; but when that home comes I hope it will be in the country, and not all cramped up in a city."

Whether they seem to her home or not, Miss Repplier's rooms at 1900 Chestnut Street are very attractive. The morning sun, given freer play over the green yard of the old marble mansion across the street, floods them with warmth and cheeriness, bringing out the colors of the hangings and every

least detail of the pictures that crowd the walls. Many of these are photographs of the works of the old masters, Leonardo da Vinci's for the most part, but the majority are of "the suave and puissant cat."

On the landing of the stairs the cat-pictures begin, and all about the room they continue; Mme. Ronner's furry pussies and the cosey creations of Miss Bonsall's brush. On the table sits in state a great china Agrippina; across one of the bookcases staggers another, its paws full of struggling kittens; by it lies Steinlen's "Dessins sans Paroles des Chats," and the entire top of a little inlaid writing-desk is covered so thick with diminutive bronze cats of all climes, ages, and sizes that there remains room for not one more.

But the occupant loves more than cats. There are many pictures of children, recalling that first of her Atlantic essays on "Children, Past and Present," while the great case of books that stands opposite the desk where Miss Repplier does her writing shows often the names of Shakespeare, Scott, and Keats—and Charles Lamb, of course.

"I am just about to say good-by to all of this for a time," said Miss Repplier. "In a few days now I sail for Europe. The summer I expect to divide between Touraine and Brittany, with Lombardy later, and Rome for the winter. I shall not

go to England if I can possibly avoid it—though once upon a time I thought I should rather live in London than anywhere else in the world. All told, I hope to be abroad some seventeen months, though I may be back within the year.

"It is very seldom that I feel I can take a whole winter for a trip like this. You see I cannot often get so far away from my base of supplies—my books. If I could only write all out of my head now, as some lucky people can do, it would be very different. As for me, I can no more learn to do it than I can write fiction, and I assure you that that is quite out of the question. The only book I ever did all on one subject was my 'Sphinx,' and it took me quite seven years to finish that."

Miss Repplier's plans for work while she is abroad are not extensive. Her weekly "little creeds" for *Life* are to be continued, and she has yet to finish two of six essays which had been promised to Mr. Alden for *Harper's Magazine*, but beyond this her only work will be upon two volumes of essays which are to be brought out by Houghton, Mifflin & Co. in the fall of 1903. One is to be made up of what Miss Repplier calls "my customary excursions into literature," and the other of essays rather historical than literary, the titles of "The Pilgrim" and "The Headsman," already chosen, being typical of those which are to follow.

Speaking of her work, and apropos of a remark which made mention of some quotations of which she had made use in one of her essays, Miss Repplier said: "Isn't that an awful habit of mine, that quoting? Really, I think it is vicious, and I promise you I am trying very hard to overcome it. The great trouble is that half the time when I start to say something I remember that someone else has said it already, and so much better than I could ever hope to.

"No, my memory is not so very good. It is merely that I recall clearly the books I read when I was a little girl. My theory is that one always remembers what one likes, and very seldom what one dislikes, and that, like Dr. Johnson, one is apt to live for the last half of life on the memory of books read in the first half."

Of that childhood of hers and its reading Miss Repplier talks very amusingly. She is very sure she must have been an exception to the rule for genius, as she was so far from precocious that at nine she was still unable to read. "At last," she says, "I learned my letters with infinite tribulation out of a horrible little book called 'Reading Without Tears.' It was a brown book, and had on its cover two stout and unclothed cupids holding the volume open between them and making an ostentatious pretence of enjoyment. It might have been possible for

cupids who needed no wardrobes and sat comfortably on clouds to like such lessons, but for an ordinary little girl in frock and pinafore they were simply heartbreaking.

"Had it only been my good fortune to be born twenty years later spelling would have been left out of my early discipline, and I should have found congenial occupation in sticking pins or punching mysterious bits of clay at a kindergarten. But when I was young the world was sadly unenlightened in these matters; the plain duty of every child was to learn how to read, and the more hopelessly dull I showed myself to be the more imperative became the need of forcing some information into me. For two bitter years I had for my constant companion that hated 'reader' which began with such isolated statements as 'Anne had a cat' and ended with a dismal story about a little African boy named Sam."

From the first, however, it seems that Mrs. Repplier was a firm believer in her daughter's future. "You, Agnes, can write," she used to say, and at the earliest moment possible Agnes tried to fulfil those hopes. She wrote first for the daily papers, then for a religious monthly in New York, and then at last sent an essay to *The Atlantic*. To this day she is grateful to Mr. Thomas Bailey Aldrich, who was at that time editor of the magazine, for

accepting and publishing "Children, Past and Present," and tells many stories of his encouragement, which did so much, she says, to smooth the first miles of the road of letters.

"One gets some idea of the sort of man—and friend—which Mr. Aldrich was," she continued, "by remembering that it was he who found and helped to their first real successes Elizabeth Robbins, who is now Mrs. Pennell, and Amelie Rives. I recall, by the way, how he once said to me of the 'Brother to Dragons,' 'Miss Rives will never do anything better than this.' She never did anything quite so good."

There is another story which Miss Repplier tells, somewhat at her own expense, though it also seems to support her belief that she is not a Philadelphian. It seems that one of the first readers of her early essays in *The Atlantic* was Dr. Furness, Sr., the father of the editor of "The Variorum Shakespeare." Going to Miss Irwin, now President of Radcliffe College, Cambridge, he asked: "Do you happen to know a Boston woman who is contributing to *The Atlantic* over the signature of 'Agnes Repplier'?" "Bless you," replied Miss Irwin, "she lives at your very door. Once she was a student in my school in Philadelphia, and she lives there to-day."

Margaret Deland

In Boston, Massachusetts

BY MRS. DELAND

Born in Allegheny, Pennsylvania

John Ward, Preacher.
The Old Garden and Other Verses.
Sidney.
The Story of a Child.
Philip and His Wife.
Old Chester Tales.

Mrs. Deland's Drawing-Room, showing exhibit of Jonquils.

IV

Margaret Deland

In Boston, Massachusetts

IT is scarcely fifteen years since "John Ward, Preacher," shook some of our theological and domestic traditions to their centre. The power of characterization, the gifts of dialogue and description, and the knowledge of life and of how to tell a story that would ordinarily have absorbed the critic and the reader were swallowed up in the theological dogma the book questioned, and which a large and hysterical part of the novel-reading public insisted upon confounding with the fundamental truths of Christianity.

The attitude of critics and readers, however, did not prevent "John Ward's" translation into Dutch, French, and German; or, fortunately, did not prevent Mrs. Deland from holding steadily to her ideals of inspiration. For it is this clear and fearless insight, and large, sympathetic tolerance united with simplicity that give distinction to style which make her one of the most interesting and significant figures in the American world of letters.

The writer's talk with her was happily unleav-

ened by the mission of the reporter on the one hand, or the constraint of talking for publication on the other. She was met in her own home, as any stranger might have met her, who felt that a visit to Boston would be incomplete without a personal acquaintance with the author of "John Ward," "Philip and His Wife," "Old Chester Tales," "The Wisdom of Fools," and "Sidney."

The spotless white steps and brass knocker had a glint of Old Chester in them; and the lofty hall, with its spiral stairway, the fireplace, in which great logs were burning, a glimpse of flowering plants through the glass doors leading from the dining-room, and a delightful impression of space, freshness, and delicate reserves had the charm of something remotely familiar in surroundings seen for the first time. Mrs. Deland's home is as individual as her work or herself and conveys the charm of associations garnered from the homes she has made real in her books, with the suggestion and the stimulus of a broad and artistic culture expressed through color and form, through habits of taste and occupation—the nameless atmosphere that penetrates and envelops the home of intellectual and sympathetic activity.

Those who know that Mrs. Deland was born in Pittsburg have had much amusement in the criticisms that trace a distinct relation between the

moral genius of her books and her New England origin, and the inheritances of birth and environment, and read a personal record into the varying psychological problems of "John Ward, Preacher," "Philip and His Wife," and "Sidney." Mrs. Deland says her life has been too uneventful to claim public interest, and too happy to make history. On the death of her parents she was taken into the family of her uncle, the Hon. Bakewell Campbell, of Pittsburg, and brought up by her uncle and aunt with a tenderness that supplied what might have come from the father and mother she had never known. Mrs. Campbell took great care that her adopted daughter was provided with the best books. All of Scott was open to her, and very much of Hawthorne; and when she was a little girl parts of the *Spectator* and *Tatler* were given her to read, but her aunt apparently paid no attention to the "very lurid imaginings" the child began at the age of nine to set down.

This judicious discouragement of self-consciousness and intelligent concern for what she read are the early influences that have fostered Mrs. Deland's sense of the obligations and ideals of creative work and laid the foundations of her unaffected and admirable English. She herself considers it a great mistake to encourage the literary efforts of children, believing that it fills them with self-con-

sciousness, and also that the creative impulse if noticed too much in youth very quickly burns itself out.

In answer to a question as to the influence college life had had upon her intellectual development, the writer was told that she had never been to college. "When I was seventeen I went to Pelham Priory to boarding-school—a delightful old school kept by English ladies. In those days the girls had no examinations, and they studied or not, as they wanted to. They were instructed in deportment and religion, to respect their elders and betters, to enter and leave the room with dignity, to fear God, and to disregard man as much as possible, for, as the housekeeper remarked to me once, 'The hactions of the young ladies in regard to young gentlemen are so hexceedingly silly.' Other things were incidental, and might or might not be acquired, according to the inclination of the pupils. My inclination, I suppose, was neither for religion nor deportment, and certainly not for the ordinary branches of education. The result is that I am a very ill-educated woman to-day. After this episode I studied at the Cooper Institute for a year, and then taught mechanical and industrial drawing at the New York Normal College."

It was soon after Houghton, Mifflin & Co. published her volume of poems that Mrs. Deland began

to write "John Ward." She was nearly two years in writing it. In fact, she rewrote the whole book four times, and the chapter including John Ward's death-bed—which, in its reticence and omissions, reaches a high level of art—over and over again. In "Philip and His Wife," "The Wisdom of Fools," "Sidney," indeed in everything that Mrs. Deland has written, it is not what happens, but how it affects the people to whom it happens, that interests her. The tendencies and problems of life —the tendencies making the problems—are her chief concern.

The popularity of "Old Chester Tales" has been a surprise to her, and that people should be fond of so irritating a person as Dr. Lavendar something of a puzzle. He, by the way, is composite; partly made up of two old uncles of Mrs. Deland's, partly the result of unconscious cerebration, the whole passed through a conscious imaginative medium. "The Child's Mother," one of the most finished of the "Old Chester Tales," had its inception in the Foundling Hospital for Children in London; and "The Law and the Gospel"—from "The Wisdom of Fools"—in the author's effort to reform and reinstate a working girl.

"The Wisdom of Fools" and "Sidney" are the books Mrs. Deland has had the greatest pleasure in writing, and the books that represent to her the

nearest approach to her ideals of work. When we were talking over the chapter in which Sidney finds God, and love, and heartbreak, and her own soul, she told me that when she read that chapter to Phillips Brooks—she was in the habit of reading him the week's work—he said: "I would rather have had you write that than anything you have ever written—you have got to the bottom of what makes the great worth while of life, of living." Then, after a pause: "Why don't you write a commonplace story about commonplace people who fall in love in a commonplace way and marry and are happy ever after?"

Mrs. Deland had never written anything since her compositions at Pelham Priory until in the winter of 1885, when it occurred to her one day that she would make some pen-and-ink drawings for her adopted mother. She reflected, however, that it would be nice to have a verse or two of poetry on each page of the little book she contemplated making; but when she came to draw the flowers she could not seem to find just the verses that she wanted. "And so I remember one morning, when I was going into town on the prosaic errand of marketing, I began to say over in my mind certain things about flowers which I thought I could use. The first thing that I made up were the lines about the Succory, beginning:

Oh, not in ladies' gardens,
My peasant posy,
Smile thy dear blue eyes, etc.

"The next was:

Oh, ruddy lover;
Oh, brave red clover.

"Fearing that I might forget the lines, I wrote them down on a piece of brown paper which I begged from my butcher. Later in the day I went to the house of a friend to luncheon, and my slip of paper, which I happened to put down on her desk, caught her eye. She read the lines, and asked who wrote them. I admitted that I had written them. She expressed unbelief, and then astonishment, and finally took possession of the paper, saying, laughingly, that she meant to keep my autograph poems. It all seemed a joke to me, and when, therefore, the next morning I received a letter from this friend saying that she had shown the little verses to Dr. Holmes, Mr. Aldrich, Mr. Howells, and Mr. Boyle O'Reilly—who were then all of them living in Boston—and that they had spoken most kindly of them, I could hardly believe my eyes.

"But the friendly encouragement of these gentlemen seemed to be a match set to gunpowder, and

for the next few months I wrote pretty constantly. This same friend kept copies of all that I wrote, and by and by, without saying anything to me, sent some of them to Mr. Alden of *Harper's Magazine*. Mr. Alden took the little poem called 'Succory,' and sent my friend for me a check for $10. I don't think that I shall ever again experience the peculiar emotion which that check caused me. Of course I was perfectly delighted, but I had at the same time a shocked feeling; to receive money for what I had written was horrible. I fancy that every artist feels this more or less; but I observe that we all get over it very quickly."

The library in which Mrs. Deland does her work is a big, sunny room, with a long window going entirely across the side of the house. Under this window are her bookcases, and on top of her bookcases are all her pots of hyacinths and jonquils. She distinctly disclaims the sort of inspiration upon which the fledgling insists. "It is my habit to sit down at my desk about nine o'clock in the morning, whether I feel like it or not, and work if I can until half-past twelve or one. Sometimes, of course, one has a distinct disinclination for work, but I believe that the habit of industry is to a great extent the creator of inclination. I have tried to act upon this theory, even though very frequently the work which I would do under pressure of habit

would be torn up the next day when inclination was the moving cause of writing."

Mrs. Deland has never experienced the cruelty of publishers about which we hear so much. "Most kindly, courteous, and liberal friends," she calls them.

The author of "John Ward" and "Sidney" is of a noble presence that withdraws from rather than invites intrusion upon the precincts of intellectual and emotional processes, of a gracious and graceful hospitality, and wholly free from the self-consciousness and egotism so far removed from the reticence they would ape.

Lucas Malet

In London, England

BY LUCAS MALET

Born in Eversley Rectory, England

Mrs. Lorimer.
Colonel Enderby's Wife.
A Counsel of Perfection.
The Wages of Sin.
The History of Sir Richard Calmady.

V

Lucas Malet

In London, England

WITH rare regard for an appointment, Mrs. St. Leger Harrison, or, as she is known in the world of letters, Lucas Malet, resisted the blandishments of rural friends and remained in London over Sunday to receive the writer of this sketch at her home on Campden Hill. Mrs. Harrison does not like America, I am inclined to think, although she is too courteous to say so; but since there are said to be quite a number of Americans in London who share her opinion, it is hard to see that she is to blame. Her unique visit to this country, made for the purpose of gathering material for her novel, "The Gateless Barrier," was of too short duration to enable her to obtain more than a superficial knowledge of America, but as she is endowed with an exceedingly sharp eye and a keen sense of the ridiculous, it may be that her strictures are not altogether without justification. At least, let us not prove ourselves, like the English themselves, incapable of learning from other nations.

"The main drawback to American society," said

my hostess, as we sat in her cosey little drawing-room, discussing afternoon teas and other international subjects, "is that the young girl is of too much importance. I should like to see your influential men give more tone to society, as they do in England. Young girls, of course, are very pretty and sweet and charming, but it is not to be expected that they should be intellectually interesting. The consequence is that, when you grant them such an important place, men of thought and position come to regard society as beneath their dignity, unworthy of serious consideration. However, as America makes progress, your women are likely to find themselves forced to play a less important rôle."

"You don't seem to have an especially high opinion of your own sex, Mrs. Harrison," I said; "I thought women always stood up for one another."

"Well, the fact of the matter is that women can't teach me anything I don't already know, being a woman myself, whereas men can teach me a great deal."

To reach Bullingham Mansions, Pitt Street, Campden Hill, Kensington, is by no means a simple matter, just as it is by no means easy to leave after you have once found your way into Mrs. Harrison's hospitable parlors. Pitt Street lies hidden away at the end of one of those unsolvable

mazes that make of certain parts of the metropolis a succession of tiny residential settlements, distinct, silent, and delightful, and ready at hand for General Mercier for " reconcentradoing " purposes when the gallant Frenchman shall have carried out his plan of invading England. At the other end of the little " No thoroughfare " stands the high-shouldered, narrow-chested house in which Mr. Hornung produces his burglar stories, in dangerous proximity, one would think, to the Lord Chief Justice, who resides directly opposite.

Despite the curious remoteness, however, of Mrs. Harrison's residence, I found that the insidious national custom of five o'clock tea had gained a foothold even here, and that the hand a-tremble and " the burning forehead and parching tongue," the result of previous indulgences, were not regarded as adequate excuse for abstemiousness. Indeed, although hitherto unremarked, there can be little doubt that the tea-table is the cornerstone of the British Empire; for how can it be otherwise that forty million men, women, and children who collectively poison themselves every day of the year at a given signal, should think alike on minor questions of public policy, such as the Boer war and the fiscal policy of India?

" I quite forgot we were having an interview," said my hostess at parting, and I then discovered

that I, too, had quite forgotten the nature of the occasion, having succeeded in demolishing the pile of cookies which she had insidiously placed before me in knowledge of the weakness of my sex.

Mrs. Harrison is tall and large, distinctly English in appearance, and reminiscent, I should imagine, of her father, Charles Kingsley. While apparently not abnormally observant, she manages to follow, as I discovered on a later occasion, simultaneous occurrences of the most divergent nature. Indeed, I was constantly thinking of the hero in "Carissima" with his preternatural gift for observing the run-down condition of people's shoes, and wondering whether she would notice that mine had been made in Germany.

"How did you first come to write, Mrs. Harrison?" I asked during the disappearance of the cookies and between two more or less lengthy discussions of America, and incidentally also of England.

"Well, I started to write because my husband and myself needed money," replied my hostess, with the delightful frankness that is one of England's greatest charms. "My first book was written when I was twenty-seven, and, as it turned out, was successful; but as this, of course, was not to be foreseen with certainty, I took a *nom de plume* to hide behind in case of failure."

"How did you chance upon the combination 'Lucas Malet'? It has quite an exotic sound."

"Well, Lucas was the maiden name of my father's mother, and Miss Malet was her aunt, and hence his great-aunt. She was a very clever woman, it seems, and it was from her that we inherited whatever brains we happen to have. However, it was Max Müller who first put the idea of writing into my head. He married a cousin of mine, and he always used to say that some day I would be a writer."

"Doesn't the hopelessness of getting up something new frequently come over you, Mrs. Harrison? It has, of course, already all been said a thousand times before, hasn't it?"

"But that isn't the right view of the matter. It is all new at the same time that it is old. It depends upon the interpreter. It isn't necessary to have a new setting; each individual is a novelty, absolutely unlike all other people. But as far as Englishmen are concerned, it is not in England that you must study them. Here they are more or less all alike, and wear the same kind of clothing, and do and say pretty much the same sort of thing under like circumstances. To really know your Englishman you must study him in India or South Africa, away from civilization, face to face with nature and the problems of primitive life. Then it

is that the magnificent qualities of pluck and endurance and courage come out that have made England what she is. But tell me, weren't you terribly shocked by the Venezuelan dispute between America and England? Didn't the mere thought of war between our countries strike you as awful in the extreme?"

This was rather a disconcerting question, as I had not been in the habit of regarding either the war of 1776 or of 1812 as great disasters, nor Mr. Cleveland's reprimand of a later day as particularly regrettable. Mrs. Harrison, however, fortunately relieved me of the necessity of replying.

"To us," she continued, "the thought of going to war with America was altogether grotesque, horrid, almost unthinkable. But don't think we were afraid," she hastened to add with a laugh; "we should have gone on in the quiet, unflurried way we always do. We were simply waiting for you to find some cause to unite on, since you had none, so far as we could see. I know a good deal about America, you know, as I have cousins in New York. One of the youngest of them, a college lad, was recently over here on a visit to us; he was a dear boy, but somehow he seemed to have the feeling that we wanted to take his nationality away from him, and that it was therefore necessary for him to give constant expression to his Americanism."

"That is only natural, Mrs. Harrison," I said. "You know, in a foreign country one always has a chip on one's shoulder."

"A chip on one's shoulder—what does that mean?" she asked, with puzzled look; so I was forced to explain to her the meaning and origin of this peculiarly American expression, which apparently appealed strongly to her literary sense of the picturesque.

"Until one understands American women," remarked my hostess, in the course of an interchange of opinion on the delectable sex on both sides of the Atlantic, "one is apt to misunderstand them sadly. This is because things which they do and say, quite without further implication, would inevitably mean much more in the case of Englishwomen. American women's flirting doesn't mean so much as Englishwomen's."

"There is really comparatively very little going on under the surface in New York society, Mrs. Harrison; as I once heard one of the Four Hundred state, there is not enough going on to make it interesting. I wonder whether as much can be said of London?"

"Well, I mustn't betray my countrywomen," was the judicious reply, "but one thing is certain. Englishwomen are much more ready than American women to act from the heart, rather than the head.

But, now, let me ask you a question. Do you think American business men are as scrupulously, sensitively honest in their transactions as Englishmen?"

This is a question for which I was totally unprepared, as I had devoted but little time to consideration of commercial honesty either in New York or London. In the circumstances, therefore, I was compelled to content myself with a general reply tending to show the universal depravity of human nature, escaping thus with unscathed patriotism. Subsequent to my visit to Mrs. Harrison, however, I learned of the English custom of paying "gentlemen" of high standing for introductions to influential business men of their acquaintance, and this, taken in conjunction with the English abuse of the "guinea pig," should serve, I think, as a belated but all-sufficient answer to her question.

Frances Hodgson Burnett

In London and New York

BY MRS. BURNETT

Born in Manchester, England

That Lass o' Lowrie's.
Hawarth.
Little Lord Fauntleroy.
A Fair Barbarian.
Through One Administration.
The One I Knew the Best of All.
Louisiana.
Sara Crewe.
A Lady of Quality.
Little Saint Elizabeth.
His Grace of Ormonde.
In Connection with the Willoughby Claim.
The Making of a Marchioness.

Mrs. Burnett's Home in England.

VI

Frances Hodgson Burnett

In London and New York

MRS. BURNETT is an unusual mixture of English and American characteristics. At times she is quite English, and then again quite American.

"I do so love America," she said, enthusiastically, "with her energy and initiative and fearlessness. There is something in the atmosphere there that gets into one's blood and puts new nerve and ardor into one. I could not be happy if I thought I was never going back again. I love the fearlessness of the people."

This was said, at her home in London, with all the fire of the true daughter of the Republic, who by circumstances was forced to live across the water, but whose heart turned longingly to the home on this side the sea. Even the voice was American. The next moment, however, she was speaking of the green lawns and ancient trees and storied turrets of her English country home, some miles from London, with the same sense of pride and satisfaction, albeit in the altered tone of one whose heart and affections are bounded by the shores of Albion.

Mrs. Burnett's experience was precisely the reverse of Little Lord Fauntleroy's. She was born in the old town of Manchester, and did not go to America—"emigrate" was the proper word in those days when the sea journey was a redoubtable undertaking—until her fourteenth year.

"When we went out to Tennessee," she said, speaking of that time, "everyone said good-by to us as if for life, as if taking leave of us forever, convinced they would never see us again. And it looked just as serious to us as it did to them. I was still young enough to have no fixed traits and prejudices, to be able still to assimilate new impressions and views of life, to be modified by new surroundings. In many of my views I am thoroughly American. I hold that no one to-day, in our complex civilization, can be thoroughly and symmetrically developed unless he knows and lives in both countries, England and America. We are nowadays too complicated and many-sided to be satisfied by what either one of these countries alone can offer us; we need both of them. I have a home in England and one in America, and I live in them by turns. I can't remain, however, in either more than three years without feeling the necessity for a change, the longing for my other 'native land.' I am one of the very few privileged persons who have the right to talk about both America and England

as they like, to criticise both of them and point out their faults, for I belong to both of them."

Mrs. Burnett at the time of this talk was living in Lord Buccleuch's house, in Charles Street, which is one of the quiet, aristocratic residential streets branching off Berkeley Square. No more serious disturbance than that of a hand-organ ever breaks the leisured quiet of this exclusive section of London town, which offers many a lord and lady shelter. The suggestion of ancestors was in the air—in the ancient tapestries, in the seasoned portraits on the walls, and in the weighty bearing of the flunkeys. The liveried individual who opened the door for me was oppressed by the weight of the ducal dignity which still clung to the house, and as he threw open the portal through which his Grace had so often passed he made me feel for the first time in life the paramount necessity of a title—it requires courage to announce one's self to a lackey of that sort as merely "Mister."

In the music-room, upstairs, Mrs. Burnett was experimenting delightedly with a newly acquired pianola, drowning melody and harmony by the deep, unregulated "tum-tum" of the bass, but contentedly flattering herself that they were making music.

Mrs. Burnett is a better writer than musician. In stature she is rather below the average of the new generation, and in manner not devoid of pleas-

ing, appealing femininity, despite her reputation as an excellent woman of business. She is one of the few present-day writers of fiction who find it profitable to dispense with the services of a literary agent, who in most cases is able to obtain higher prices for literary wares than the producers themselves.

"When Mr. Gilder of *The Century* was over here last summer," she said, in speaking of her work then in hand, "he came to visit me down in the country, and incidentally I told him the outline of a story that I had in mind to write.

"'Why don't you write that for *The Century?*' he asked me when I had finished. I had not thought of that before, but I told him I would see what I could make out of it. So I set to work and have been writing at it ever since. Unfortunately, however, I found that I should not be able to get it completed in time to begin that year in the magazine; so, as my name had been announced in the prospectus, I sat down and wrote a novelette for them, which I called 'The Making of a Marchioness.'

"It is strange, isn't it," said Mrs. Burnett, when we had drifted on to the question of the genesis of literary production, "what odd and oftentimes seemingly foreign ideas will suggest an idea for a story. People often come to you with a subject for a story, or, indeed, with the story complete;

but, of course, one can never do anything with a suggestion of that sort. It is only the suggestions that come of themselves and that seize hold of your imagination that are really worth anything.

"It was in that roundabout way that I got the idea for 'A Lady of Quality,' which I think is my most successful book. I was living in London, in Portland Place, at the time, in one of those old houses, such as they don't build nowadays, with the most wonderful, vast wine-cellars. These cellars were my constant delight, and when I had dinner-parties I used often to take my guests down to show them my catacombs. They belonged to an age when men were supposed to carry their three bottles. Well, on one occasion I took some guests down, as usual, to show them the cellars, which consisted of several apartments opening into each other, the walls of each lined with stands for holding the bottles. The last apartment communicated with the upper story by a staircase, which could, of course, be cut off from above. While showing it to them I laughingly observed what a splendid place it would be in which to hide a murdered man. One of my guests replied that I ought to choose that spot as the scene of a story. At the time I said, 'Nonsense,' but somehow the idea took hold of my imagination, until it became a regular obsession, giving me no rest until I wrote the story.

"My first idea was to have a man commit the crime, and I cast about in my mind for a motive—debt, jealousy, love? Then it suddenly struck me how much more dramatic it would be to have a young girl do it, to have her murder a man who had a hold on her, and to hide his body in the cellar. In order to conceive of a girl capable of such a deed it was necessary to imagine her brought up in the way described in 'A Lady of Quality,' which, of course, could only occur in a period such as that in which the story takes place. After I had the main idea of the story and the historical setting, the writing of it was very easy and quick work; indeed, it wrote itself, so to speak. I began the book in Washington, but finished it in Portland Place."

Washington was long the home of Mrs. Burnett. Indeed it was from that city that she went, several years ago, to take up a new home in England. I have referred here mainly to the London house in which she received me. Her true English home, however, is far from the city, near a quaint and ancient village of Kent that recalls the pictures painted there in the long ago by Constable. When she lives there her favorite place for writing is in the rose-garden, remote from the house itself.

Mrs. Burnett has since made a long stay in America. The winter of 1902–1903 she passed in

New York. Here the writer has had the pleasure of seeing her at one of her Sunday afternoons at home. In one of those modern streets just off the western confines of Central Park stands this house, with its white stone front and round windows. Within were rooms carpeted with rugs and warmed by cannel coal. But here she was settled for one year only. Back to England she, doubtless, was soon to go.

Kate Douglas Wiggin

In New York

BY MRS. WIGGIN

Born in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

The Birds' Christmas Carol.
Timothy's Quest.
A Cathedral Courtship.
Polly Oliver's Problem.
Marm Lisa.
Penelope's Progress.
Penelope's Experiences in Ireland.

Mrs. Wiggin at Home.

VII

Kate Douglas Wiggin

In New York

KATE DOUGLAS WIGGIN, in private life Mrs. George C. Riggs, the author of the "Penelope" rambles in Ireland and Scotland and "The Birds' Christmas Carol," which has been translated for readers of almost every race in the world, lives in New York during the winter months. Although in New York the story-teller devotes most of her time to social obligations, to her duties as Vice-President of the Free Kindergarten Association, and to a host of ambitious young women who are in the city studying to accomplish something besides marriage, there is a room set apart for her desk, where work that has been done in the summer must be completed.

"I seem to be so dragged about between scattered interests—my household duties, my music, my social obligations, my girl students, my friends—that I scarcely ever do much writing here," said Mrs. Wiggin. Then she described the little corner in Hollis, Maine, where, as soon as the winter's frown has passed away, she goes and works. This house she has oddly named "Quillcote-on-Saco," and there, when the weather is fine, Mrs. Wiggin

has a working nook in the orchard, which she calls her "apple-tree study." "Sweet atmosphere is such a stimulus to study, both mental and moral," she said, in telling of this luxurious abandonment to the inspiration of literary work. One can almost trace the faint, wholesome scent of those apple-blossoms between the lines of her pages.

The "Penelope" series was completed a few years ago, and since then Mrs. Wiggin has undertaken a work the labor of which she did not realize would be so great. In collaboration with her sister, Miss Nora Archibald Smith, she has compiled two volumes of selected poetry for young people. The first volume is for children from six to ten years of age, and called "The Posy Ring." The second volume, for older children, is called "Golden Numbers," having on the title-page this line: "To add to golden numbers, golden numbers!"

"I anticipated with pleasure the reading that such books would entail," said Mrs. Wiggin, "but I never dreamed that I should become so involved in the work that it would take all my time from creative writing. We have had to read nearly every book of poetry ever published, and the editing and classification have led us into no end of labor."

"What should the child read?" asked the writer of this article.

"Everything good. Fairy stories, by all means,

and poetry. We have endeavored to select all the famous verse that will hold the attention of children. I have written for each of the seventeen sections in 'Golden Numbers' an 'Interleaf,' which is a simple, general criticism and suggestion for the child, to appeal to his or her imagination and developing taste," said Mrs. Wiggin, as she brought out the type-written manuscript. Instead of utilizing anthologies of poetry in the work of selection, she explained that, in order to give these volumes of poetry for children an individual stamp, it was necessary to leave the anthologies alone and read the poets themselves.

With her sister, she spent nearly all one summer reading poetry in the libraries at Oxford and in Edinburgh. What was most needed, Mrs. Wiggin explained, in compiling these books, was a sense of literary values and a knowledge of what children want and need. These facts are interesting, bearing upon the actual detail, as they do, of Mrs. Wiggin's literary labors, which are always pursued with deliberate care. Lying on the piano in her drawing-room was a song-book with the title, "Nine Love Songs and a Carol," the music composed by Mrs. Wiggin, the words by different poets.

"Even small versatility is somewhat dangerous," she commented, "it gives one so many temptations for self-expression."

Although Mrs. Wiggin finds that her season in New York is so full of things to be done that she hardly has any time for "things to be told," the author acknowledged that she had begun a dramatization of "The Birds' Christmas Carol." The basis of the play had been submitted by someone else, and then accepted by Mrs. Wiggin. The play is a comedy-drama in three acts, differing only from the book in that incidents are added.

"I want the play to be sweet, wholesome, and merry, and I find that there are many things permissible in a book that would be too pathetic for the stage," said the authoress.

Primarily, Kate Douglas Wiggin is painstaking, patient, and industrious in her work. In the summer she will write all day when the "apple-tree study" is under blue skies; with a table spread under the trees, and with sometimes just a pad, pencil, and easy-chair, where, under the spell of the myriad insensible whisperings of a drowsy summer's day, the writer can do a great deal of work. One can hardly dignify this open-air study by calling it a den. Yet, from this sweet atmosphere, "mental and moral," she produces those out-of-door books that are so much in vogue, a type in literature requiring a deep sentiment for beauty and a play of wit that takes the place of sunshine. "The Diary of a Goose Girl" was written chiefly in the "apple-

tree study." It is the tale of a pretty American girl who ran away from her lover in England and played at being a goose girl. The hens and ducks and geese have individual characters, as human as heroes and heroines.

Three proofs of every line in print is what Mrs. Wiggin requires from her publishers before she is satisfied to send the book out upon the world, and many a time is the manuscript corrected before it goes to the printer.

Modestly enough, Mrs. Wiggin has described her "Penelope" books as being "old ground trodden in a new way," and whatever she does will always have feminine distinction. There is an unfinished novel, resting somewhere by the way—for sufficient originality in manner, so its foster-mother asserts.

"Somehow or other I cannot get a man to stand on two legs long enough to do anything, to walk through enough pages of a book to make him presentable; and what is a novel without a man of flesh and blood?" said Mrs. Wiggin, ingenuously.

Mary Johnston
In Birmingham, Alabama

BY MISS JOHNSTON

Born in Buchanan, Virginia

Prisoners of Hope.
To Have and To Hold.
Audrey.

VIII

Mary Johnston

In Birmingham, Alabama

TO the great majority of those who have read the opening sentences of Mary Johnston's "Audrey" there remains only a general impression of satisfaction, tinged with admiration for the artist who has painted such a vivid picture in words. Few realize that in this particular case it might almost be said that the picture produced the artist:

"The valley lay like a ribbon thrown into the midst of the encompassing hills. The grass which grew there was soft and fine and abundant, the trees which sprang from its dark, rich mould were tall and great of girth. A bright stream flashed through it, and the sunshine lay warm upon the grass and changed the tassels of the maize into golden plumes. Above the valley, east, and north, and south, rose the hills, clad in living green, mantled with the purpling grape, wreathed morn and eve with trailing mist. To the westward were the mountains, and they dwelt apart in a blue haze. Only in the morning, if the mist were not there,

the sunrise struck upon their long summits, and in the evening they stood out, high and black and fearful, against the splendid sky. The child who played beside the cabin door often watched them as the valley filled with shadows, and thought of them as a great wall between her and some land of the fairies which must needs lie beyond that barrier, beneath the splendor and the evening star. The Indians called them the Endless Mountains, and the child never doubted that they ran across the world and touched the floor of Heaven."

Amid such surroundings, in a valley sheltered by the encompassing hills, Mary Johnston spent her childhood and early youth. She was born thirty-two years ago at Buchanan, a little village in Botetourt County, Va., in the shadow of that Blue Ridge which Governor Spotswood and his Knights of the Golden Horseshoe found it to be such a pleasure to cross. This little town, settled about a century ago, was once a picturesque and decidedly pleasant place, and in ante-bellum days had some slight trade and importance. During the war it was burned in part, the home of Miss Johnston's father being one of those destroyed. In the childhood of the novelist the nearest railroad was three miles away, and a stage-coach and canal-boats connected it with the outside world. To-day there are two railroads, a "boom" has passed over the

town, many of the old residents have died or moved away, and many of the old houses show signs of dilapidation.

But if the old people have gone, the memory of their reverence for the glorious past of Virginia has remained to lend warmth and reality to the coloring of those pictures which were first seen in outline by the young girl who spent so much of her time day-dreaming under the old trees which have been cut down, or browsing in the libraries of houses which are now dilapidated. And the mountains, which remained for Audrey when the cabin was a waste and the clearing a tangle of shrubs and underbrush, have remained also for the creator of Audrey.

Sixteen years of Miss Johnston's life were spent at Buchanan, years from which the routine of neither public nor private school filched a single hour, for her health was frail, and her education was conducted at home, with due regard to physical limitations. Her grandmother, a Scotchwoman of rare intelligence and beauty of character, was her first teacher, and afterward an aunt. Later, governesses were employed, and when her father and mother moved to Alabama the future author was sent to a finishing school in Atlanta; but within three months her health broke down, and she was obliged to be taken to her home at Birmingham.

Here, a year later, Miss Johnston's mother died, and the young girl of sixteen, the eldest of several brothers and sisters, was called upon to direct the affairs of the household. Her father, Major John W. Johnston, a lawyer and an ex-member of the Virginia Legislature, was at that time an exceedingly busy man, largely interested in several Southern railroads and identified with a number of the initial enterprises of the city in which he had made his home.

Birmingham is not a beautiful town, and to the ordinary young girl the direction of a comparatively large household would not be inspiring. But Miss Johnston was not an ordinary young girl, and it is not too much to say that a great deal of her inspiration and not a little of her breadth of view have been acquired as the result of years spent in quietly doing "the thing that's nearest." Certainly she has been satisfied with the consequent love of the members of her immediate family—more satisfied, one may feel justified in saying, than with the fame which has come with the publication of her novels.

The home, at 2213 Seventh Avenue, Birmingham, has little to distinguish it from the city home of any other Southern family in easy circumstances. It is a fairly large house, built for comfort rather than for beauty, and furnished for comfort and for dignified refinement rather than style or fashion.

Back of the large parlors, with the hospitable open fireplaces of the South, is the library, where Miss Johnston did part of her writing until a short time ago, when another room was set apart for this purpose. Few of the books on the shelves are modern, and an examination of their titles supplies a possible explanation of the genesis of the distinguishing features of the novelist's work. The literary favorites are Shakespeare, Marlowe, Spenser, the essayists of the eighteenth century, the balladists of Scotland, Shelley, Keats, and Browning.

Miss Johnston's writing is done at no particular hour and in no particular place, although a very great deal of it has been accomplished in the open air. "Prisoners of Hope," which was begun when the author was living at the San Remo in this city, was largely written in a secluded nook in Central Park. Much of "To Have and To Hold" was written at a small mountain-resort in Virginia, although the book was begun in Birmingham. The first draft was made with lead-pencil, and when this had been thoroughly revised, the corrected copy was reproduced in type-writing.

To a course of reading which has left her mind impregnated with the spirit and speech of the times of which she writes must be added an imagination so fertile and vivid as to be almost a sixth sense. To the possession of this faculty more than to any-

thing else must be ascribed the popularity of this writer's work.

Once, shortly after "Prisoners of Hope" had been published, she was driving with her father and a friend on a woodland road not far from Hot Springs. On either side the forest land closed in so as almost to touch the axles of the carriage. After looking deep into the woods on either side for a few moments, she suddenly said: "I can enjoy such a drive as this now, but only a short time ago when I passed along such a trail I could see Landless and Patricia wandering through the forest, until the sight became really painful." To the many hours spent in watching the ocean in all its varying moods during several summers spent on an island off the eastern shore of Virginia may be credited those graphic pictures of voyage and shipwreck which were a feature of "To Have and To Hold."

The clew to "Audrey," which was written almost entirely on the porch of a summer cottage in the grounds of a hotel at Warm Springs, Va., was found in one of Wordsworth's "Poems of the Imagination," that which contains the familiar lines:

> Three years she grew in sun and shower;
> Then Nature said: "A lovelier flower
> On earth was never sown;

This child I to myself will take ;
She shall be mine, and I will make
A lady of my own.

It has frequently been asked how it is possible for a young woman so realistically to describe fighting, siege, and sudden death. Putting aside the results of reading, Miss Johnston might possibly answer with a smile that this is an inherited faculty. Her father, who served in the Confederate Army from the opening to the close of the Civil War, rising to be major of artillery, is neither a fire-eater nor an extreme partisan. Although he bears the marks of many wounds, it is difficult to induce him to talk of his own share in the struggle. But once started in praise of the tactical ability or the personal bravery of the leaders on either side, his words form themselves into brilliant pictures which are at one and the same time tributes to his thorough knowledge of military strategy and to his ability vividly to describe what he has seen.

John Oliver Hobbes

In London, England

BY MRS. CRAIGIE

Born in Boston, Massachusetts

Some Emotions and a Moral.
The Sinner's Comedy.
A Study in Temptations.
The Gods, Some Mortals, and Lord Wickersham.
A School for Saints.
Love and the Soul Hunters.

IX

John Oliver Hobbes

In London, England

JOHN OLIVER HOBBES (Mrs. Craigie) is an American by birth, but for a number of years has resided in England, where the scenes of most of her stories are laid. At present she lives with her father in Lancaster Gate, which belongs to the fashionable quarter of South Kensington comprising Cromwell Road and Queen's Gate. Lancaster Gate itself is one of those typical London residential quarters in which nothing less genteel than a hansom cab is supposed to be seen, and in which it would be perfectly safe for children to play in the centre of the street, did the scions of the families within its boundary ever condescend to such plebeian pastime.

The house in which Mrs. Craigie lives is a solid, old-fashioned, four-storied mansion, which belongs to any and every period of architecture. Entering into a broad hallway, the visitor passes up the generous stairway, which occupies the central position belonging to the "well" in more modern edifices, to the spacious drawing-room on the second floor. In some intangible way—perhaps owing to the mere pose of the furniture—this apartment suggests

America, and prepares one for the American intonation and manner of the hostess. Among numerous portraits on the walls hangs one of the authoress herself, in youthful, never-aging maidenhood, painted at about the time when her first book, "Some Emotions and a Moral," appeared. In person Mrs. Craigie furnishes fresh proof that large size and imposing presence are not necessary to intellectual boldness and unconventionality.

When one goes to see Mrs. Craigie he should take a stenographer with him. In the course of conversation numerous remarks will fall from her lips that would become very convenient in one's own "original" work. Perhaps Browning, the grave, befrocked individual who opens the door for one at No. 56 Lancaster Gate, W., in London, regards his official position merely as a cloak for the gaining of ready-made repartee for the book which he is writing behind the screen.

Mrs. Craigie is John Oliver Hobbes—with a difference. Exactly wherein this difference lies is hard to determine, and perhaps indiscreet for a mere man to undertake to make clear. One should feel perturbation at the thought of meeting the author of "Some Emotions and a Moral." Most men and few women would probably understand it. This is probably merely a symptom of masculine reluctance to admit individual feminine superiority.

In the writer's case trepidation, however, proved to be without justification, as Mrs. Craigie showed herself absolutely free from the general blight of clever people, but with a desire to make the stupidity of others serve merely as a unit of measure for subjective brilliancy. She indicated a generous wish to laugh at the right time at the jokes of others.

"We will have up some tea," said Mrs. Craigie, after the first formalities. In England, whenever your hostess is at a loss what to do with you, she orders up tea; it is an unmistakable betrayal of smilingly endured martyrdom. To resort to that at the start of a visit seems a very bad omen; better, however, a tea beginning than a tea ending. When handicapped by a knowledge that she is talking for publication Mrs. Craigie is a scintillating conversationalist, but her paradoxes and incongruities are apt to remain only as sensations when one comes to perpetuate them in black and white.

"I don't often receive interviewers," she said, "as one can say and has said in one's books everything it is necessary to say much better than by word of mouth. Still, my experience with journalists has always been of the most pleasant nature. I have never been misquoted or had my hospitality misused." Mrs. Craigie trusts the discretion of her interlocutor, or at least she pretends to do so, which is just as flattering. Moreover, she under-

stands our countrymen, and does not make the common European mistake of grouping us all in one indiscriminate sensational category.

"Every man is three men," remarks one of the cynical women characters in "The Wisdom of the Wise," Mrs. Craigie's recent theatrical production; "the man as he is before he becomes engaged, the man after he is engaged, and the man after he is married." Similarly, I think, it might be remarked of a woman author that she is three women; the woman the interviewer sees and the two other women whom he does not see. The two other women in Mrs. Craigie's case are very interesting. Mrs. Craigie is rather small, a brunette, distinctly pretty, with fine, clever eyes, and with the art of dressing well and fitting into her surroundings. Some persons may consider this a small matter, but it is not.

"English people do not want to hear the truth," she said, in a discussion that started with the drama; "neither about the Boer War, nor about life, nor about anything else; it disturbs their digestion. They like to pick up the morning paper and read that everything is going along finely and that England is still on top and the first nation in the world. 'Just as I knew it would be,' exclaims the worthy taxpayer; 'didn't I predict that everything would come out all right in the end!' And the

digestion of his breakfast is not interfered with. Similarly the evening paper must not interfere with the digestion of that great institution, the English dinner. And it is the same way with the drama. The public does not like to see anything that makes them think, anything in which moral questions are treated in a way that shows how suffering and misfortune result from wrongdoing. Oh, dear, no; that is uncomfortable!"

"That cuts out a lot of good motives, doesn't it?"

"It cuts out everything; it cuts the ground from under one's feet. And the actors! I may have never so fine an idea to-morrow for a play, but I have to stop and say to myself that Mr. So-and-So will never consent to say what I have put into his mouth. 'Your play is very fine,' he would object, 'but it would never do for me to say what you have written for me; I must always be good and noble, the public expect it of me.' 'Yes, but that's not the way to make money.' 'Ah, but that doesn't matter. I must remain good and noble.' And so he remains good and noble, and—poor. Of course that is not true of such actors as young Mr. Irving, but it is true of the majority.

"But to return to the truth. Thackeray told the truth, and the result was that in the end hardly anybody went to his funeral. He drew the Eng-

lish people as they were at that time and as they are to-day, and they have never forgiven him. Everybody buys his books and quotes him, but no one applauds him. Some friends of mine happened once to be in a hotel in Paris when Thackeray arrived. 'Thackeray has come! Thackeray has come!' was the word passed around, and everybody ran to the head waiter and requested him not to seat them near that awful Mr. Thackeray—for fear he might put them into one of his books!"

In the English edition of the reference book "Who's Who" there stands in many cases after the name of an author a single, detached word, as "crabbing" or "logarithms," without the slightest apparent connection with the subject of the sketch. As a matter of fact, this detached part of speech is intended to denote the author's favorite pastime. Without having consulted "Who's Who" for the favorite recreation of Mrs. Criagie, I would nevertheless wager that it would prove to be "reading biographies," as in conversation she makes frequent reference to some peculiarity of Balzac or Flaubert or Tennyson that has escaped the superficial eye of the paragrapher.

"You may express what opinion you like about me," she said in connection with the statement that Balzac spent his life bursting with indignation against invisible journalistic vilifiers; "you may say

that I am conceited, as you say of another author, if you think that I am. I have no objection. When I read an adverse criticism of my work, I say to myself: 'That man hasn't written that without some reason; he hasn't worked himself up into fury just for the enjoyment of being in one; there must be something in my book that has irritated him.' And so I try to find out what it is, and whether his disapproval is justified. I don't say, however, that I often take his advice; it is foolish to take criticisms to heart and let them interfere with one's personality. If, for instance, I find such a competent critic as Mr. Courteney condemning me for exactly the same things that Mr. Gosse praises me, I simply determine that the next time I will endeavor to please both."

Amelia E. Barr

In Cornwall-on-the-Hudson, New York

BY MRS. BARR

Born in Ulverston, England

Jan Vedder's Wife.
A Daughter of Fife.
A Bow of Orange Ribbon.
Friend Olivia.
Bernicia.
The Last of the McAlisters.
A Rose of a Hundred Leaves.
Feet of Clay.
Prisoners of Conscience.

Mrs. Barr in a Corner of Her Home.

X

Amelia E. Barr

In Cornwall-on-the-Hudson, New York

AN ideal road, long sought, has been discovered. It winds with many a turn, under the June sun or the June shade, over bridges, past inviting glens, with the mountains beside and above one, a present joy and an incentive. The valley is like an outlived past, more and more pleasant in the retrospect as it is left farther behind and below; all its asperities softened, and its discomforts, with the many pettinesses that were a part of it, forgotten.

The road leads to a cottage—and, doubtless, beyond—but at present whatever lies beyond is in the nature of an anti-climax. Surrounded by trees, the cherry much in evidence, the cottage stands at an elevation of 1,700 feet above the level of the river. To describe it—but whoever yet described a house? So much wood or stone, so much architecture, so much paint or paintlessness, and the tale is told. If I write that this house has gables and upon one corner a hexagonal tower, surmounted by a conical roof; that the prevailing color impression is red or red-brown; that a broad and all-surround-

ing piazza rises from a sea of verdure that breaks about its foundations, or that the view from that piazza explores space for sixty miles as the crow flies (if crows fly so far from their homes), what is anyone profited?

But if I add that a literary craftswoman whose name is a household word lives in the cottage, drinks inspiration from the view, and has her workshop in the tower? Ah, that makes a difference. Now the house has a soul. There is a secret about that tower-room at Cherry Croft; its owner has a theory, or, at least, a feeling, that the place where a writer works should be small and very exclusive. It must become saturated with one's own personality, "permeated with his own bacteria," till such an atmosphere of thought and individuality is created that work becomes pastime. A general edict of exclusion has been proclaimed, so that no disturbing presence may cross the threshold.

In that carefully guarded room "The Maid of Maiden Lane" was written, and "The Lion's Whelp," and many another of the long list of books that have followed "A Bow of Orange Ribbon." It is something to be a celebrity. The boy who pointed out the house to me said, without a shadow of disrespect, "There's where Amelia Barr lives." It reminded me of the way in which we speak of Presidents and crowned heads.

Face to face with Mrs. Barr one is most impressed, I think, with the invincible vitality that refuses to recognize the passage of years that have gone to the making of many books. When she enters a room it is as though a burst of sunshine accompanied her. A spontaneous optimism animates every word and gesture—a "heartiness" that cannot be counterfeited. Her interest in life is as strong and her expression of it as vivacious as though the trials and conflicts of a lifetime were all unknown, and her capacity for work has been equal to the demands of the all-impelling sense of duty that is the keynote of her character.

The love of literature seems to have been inherent in Mrs. Barr's nature. From infancy she has been a devourer of books, her range of reading, even in her teens, covering the field from Shelley to Saint Chrysostom. "I acquired," she said, "a love for pure and sonorous English, so that a poorly written book repelled me." When in Austin, Tex., during some of the happy years of married life, Mrs. Barr was described as "always going about with a baby under one arm and a book under the other." The necessity for occupation which, after her widowhood, drove her into the ranks of literary workers found her well equipped for the vocation in which she has been so successful.

At first employment came in the way of editorial

work for various newspapers and magazines, till, as she laughingly declared, "I believe I have written for nearly every paper in the country." Nothing came amiss; no commission was refused. Stories and editorials, poems and advertisements were all undertaken with the same conscientious determination. "I found ten years of such training of incalculable benefit," was her later verdict. "The variety of the work I was driven to undertake enlarged and improved my vocabulary as nothing else could have done; but I am glad to be free from it."

Mrs. Barr's capacity for work is far above the average. Thirty-eight books have been the result of sixteen years of almost incessant labor: "And everyone as good as I could make it," she added. From five to eight consecutive hours of literary labor daily, without holidays, would exhaust the strength of most women or men, but to Mrs. Barr they have been but the natural exercise of unusual physical powers. Her life has gone not only freely, but joyously into her work.

"Of all my characters," she said, "I think that Cromwell has taken the greatest hold of me." Then she added, with a smile, that she hoped that her ancestors, who fought beside Charles I., would forgive her. "All of my characters are real to me," she admitted. "They begin to live and have a personality of their own. I have started to write

a villain, and afterward fell in love with him and made him my hero."

"I had intended to treat Washington in something the way that I did Cromwell," Mrs. Barr continued, "but as I studied the period of the Revolution more closely I found him a sun without satellites. He is fascinating, however." The book she had in hand was to come between "A Bow of Orange Ribbon" and "The Maid of Maiden Lane," completing that trilogy. It takes in the period of the American war, and has proved to be one of the most interesting of the author's works. And still other plans for books were taking shape in that fertile intelligence, and other characters were looming in the distance. Among them, towing like Cromwell and Washington, the great nebulous bulk of John Knox appeared, a phantom yet, but by and by to take on flesh and blood.

Mrs. Barr's work is now almost entirely done through the medium of an amanuensis, though formerly she was her own type-writer. She takes no holidays, fretting only when the permitted five hours of daily labor seem insufficient. When winter comes and the hill-side is bleak and inhospitable, Cherry Croft is closed—a place for the snowdrifts to envelop—and the owner flits with her literary and other neighbors to the more congenial shelter of the city.

In common with many earnest thinkers Mrs. Barr believes in a reincarnation of the soul; not the Buddhistical article of belief, however, but a Christian expectation of a succeeding life of greater scope and wider opportunity. This conception fits well with the tireless activity of a mind that cannot contemplate pleasure in idleness. "I have learned," she said, "that the greatest joy life can offer is the fulfilment of duty." Then, after discussing the strange aptitudes and unaccountable traits with which a child seems to be endowed, peculiarities that appear to link it with some previous existence, she exclaimed: "If ever I come back here I want to come as a man. You are not hampered in a thousand ways as we are."

As I left her standing at the door, dressed in white, her strong, expressive face very gracious in the afternoon light, I could not find it in my heart to second a wish that would spoil so good a woman. The neighborhood of Cherry Croft numbers several men whose names are known to the reading public. The cottage next above Mrs. Barr's house is that of Julian Hawthorne, while at the foot of the hill Dr. Lyman Abbott spends his summers. It is a rare, gracious spot, where Nature has been lavish with her favors. The sweeping foliage that clothes the slopes of the Boterberg (that N. P. Willis named Storm King) half conceals numerous

glens and ravines that cherish the maddest, most enticing brooks in the world, and the air is as pure and invigorating as though there had never been such a thing as a chimney or a town in the world.

It is a rare place to work and it has harbored some rare workers. Foremost, at least in point of time, among the men of pencraft who have made this region their home was the versatile and popular Willis. The road which we now reluctantly descend from Cherry Croft has not escaped his all-describing pen, but it has been modified and, for comfort, vastly improved since the days when "Outdoors at Idlewild" was penned:

"The ascent of this range is by no means the gracious acclivity it looks to be from below. It is a labyrinth of knolls and hollows, over which one travels like an ant through a basket of eggs, coming continually upon small mountain farms islanded among irreclaimable rocks and so hidden behind and among them as to seem contrived by hermits for inextricable privacy. Oh, what eyries for such human eagles as wish to live alone, and yet have the world within pouncing reach."

Louise Chandler Moulton

In Boston, Massachusetts

BY MRS. MOULTON

Born in Pomfret, Connecticut

Bedtime Stories.
Some Women's Hearts.
Swallow-Flights and Other Poems.
New Bedtime Stories.
Random Rambles.
Firelight Stories.
Ourselves and Our Neighbors.
In the Garden of Dreams.
Arthur O'Shaughnessy: His Life and His Work.
In Childhood's Country.
Lazy Tours in Spain and Elsewhere.
At the Wind's Will.

A Corner in Mrs. Moulton's Library.

XI

Louise Chandler Moulton

In Boston, Massachusetts

THE nearest approach to the literary salon, as it flourishes in Paris and London, is probably found in the occasional gatherings that take place in the home of Mrs. Louise Chandler Moulton. This charming woman of the world, poet, and critic of books, has by the force of her personality and ability made herself the natural centre of the bookmen and bookwomen of Boston. Whoever may have accomplished any worthy thing in the realm of letters finds a hearty welcome into her circle of acquaintances, there to mingle with men of larger figure in the world and to acquire the inspiration that such intercourse is bound to produce.

Mrs. Moulton does not dwell in the fashionable quarter of the town. It was expected to be such years ago, but the destiny of residential districts, in Boston at any rate, is proverbially uncertain. The plans of many a rich and aristocratic family were rudely shattered by the meteoric rise and growth of the splendid Back Bay district. Of all this you may read in "The Rise of Silas Lapham." So the South End, the exclusive name of the immense

region of dwellings stretching from the business heart of Boston to Roxbury, lost its caste, but not entirely its grand air, for there are still to be found on its cross streets and squares many houses whose beauty and dignity put to shame some of the bizarre and tasteless creations of the newer Beacon Street.

It is in Rutland Square, a short, connecting space between Tremont Street and Columbus Avenue, that Mrs. Moulton's house is situated. Rutland Square is not very much of a square, truth to tell, but as it is a trifle wider than the regulation street, and boasts a thin strip of grass-grown ground with a row of slender trees in the middle, it is, by Boston usage, fairly entitled to the name.

It is supremely quiet. To turn from the roar and movement of Tremont Street into its calm is like suddenly sailing into a land-locked bay after a tumultuous sea. At its farther end rises the graceful Gothic spire of the Union Congregational Church, beautifully defined against the sky and particularly lovely with the dull red of sunset behind it. In summer it is a pleasant place, much affected by nurse-girls and their charges. In winter, without its relieving ribbon of green, it is very like other city streets, rather monotonous and uninteresting.

The house, whose doorway bears the figures 28, is the one noted residence in Rutland Square. It

is of brick, plain, tall, and broad, with a great sweeping bow of the fashion of forty years ago. To reach the door one must climb a steep flight of a dozen or more steps, guarded on either side by a curiously curled iron railing. The hall's plain narrowness tells of the bygone style of house-building, when rooms were everything and outer space nothing. The drawing-room itself emphasizes this, for it is long, high, and altogether spacious and dignified. A library opening from the rear increases the apparent length of the apartment, so that it is a veritable salon in its physical as well as acquired attributes. The furnishings are of simple elegance in color and design, and the whole scheme of decoration quiet and not ultra-modern.

In this attractive room are more treasures than one would dream of at first glance. The fine paintings that are scattered here, there, and everywhere are all veritable works of art, presented to Mrs. Moulton by their painters. The etchings are autograph copies from some of the best masters in Europe. Almost every article of decoration, it would seem, has a history. The books that have overflowed from the dim recesses of the library are mostly presentation copies in beautiful bindings, with many a well-turned phrase on their fly-leaves written by authors we all know and love.

There could be no better guide through all this

treasure-house of suggestive material than Mrs. Moulton herself. Without question she knows more English people of note than does any other living American. As she spreads out before the delighted caller her remarkable collection of presentation photographs, she intersperses the exhibit with brilliant off-hand descriptions of their originals—the sort of word-painting that bookmen are eager to hear in connection with their literary idols. It is the real Swinburne she brings to the mind's eye, with his extraordinary personal appearance and his weird manners; the real William Watson, profoundly in earnest and varying in moods; the real George Egerton, with her intensity and devotion to the higher rights of womankind; the real Thomas Hardy and George Meredith and Anthony Hope, and the whole band of British authors, big and little, whom she marshals in review and dissects with unerring perception and the keenest of wit. Anecdotes of all these personages flow from her tongue with a prodigality that makes one long for the art of shorthand to preserve them and turn them into marketable print.

Twenty years among the *literati* of England is a valuable experience, and one that ought not to be lost to the world. "But," says Mrs. Moulton, when this subject is broached, "I have really so very little at command in the way of notes and

memoranda that, despite many appeals to me to write a volume of my literary reminiscences, I feel that I am scarcely competent to do so."

Mrs. Moulton's own particular "den," where she does the most of her writing, is on the floor above. Here the prevailing impression is that of books, not arranged in stately order, as in the rich cases of the dignified library, but lying in more intimate freedom and giving every evidence of close companionship. A dainty desk is conspicuous, covered with all sorts of pretty appliances and ornaments. It is a literary workshop of ease and comfort, with no suggestion that the Muses ever act as slave-drivers over the charming occupant.

Having been a literary woman only for the sheer love of her profession, Mrs. Moulton's habits of writing are naturally erratic and casual. "How I work?" she repeats, in answer to the query. "How I don't work expresses it a great deal better. I am the laziest author alive." And this with a quizzical smile and a merry twinkle of the eye, as if she did not care to be taken too seriously, but was willing to put herself on public record as one ruled by love and not by fear in such matters.

Truth to tell, however, her recent record of books almost within a year—one the volume of dainty juvenile verse called "In Childhood's Country," the other the large and delightful collection

of sketches of travel with the significant title of "Lazy Tours"—would scarcely bear out her claims to idleness. Then, too, she was preparing a new volume of poems to be issued soon afterward. She has thrust upon her a great deal of unsought-for work in reading and criticising the ebullitions of ambitious young poets, which is willingly and kindly done when the request is in reason and does not take the form of one demand that was made upon her, that she read a hundred sonnets and pick out about a score in the exact order of their merit.

Mrs. Moulton's social duties might be very much more exacting than she allows them to be, for she is in demand everywhere. She is as brilliant a guest as she is charming a hostess, a thorough woman of the world, with the saving grace of sincerity and kindliness. Her wit is tactful, her discussion of men and things keen, but full of courtesy. She has a generous appreciation of her brothers and sisters in literature not always found in a woman who has reached eminence. And best of all is her willingness to see in new men any trace of genius or power.

Mrs. Humphry Ward

In London, England

BY MRS. WARD

Born in Hobart, Tasmania

Milly and Olly.
Amiel's Journal [Translator of].
Miss Bretherton.
Robert Elsmere.
The History of David Grieve.
Marcella.
Sir George Tressady.
Helbeck of Bannisdale.
Eleanor.

"Storks," Mrs. Humphry Ward's Country Residence, Herts, England.

XII

Mrs. Humphry Ward

In London, England

PUT not your faith in princes or in—authoresses. Perhaps, in justice to other more reliable members of the craft, this statement should be limited, but since comparisons are always invidious, let it stand in the above general form, and he who runs may read.

Much to the writer's satisfaction the author of "Robert Elsmere" consented to receive him—or rather she wrote in reply to a request for an interview that she would be happy to see him for a few moments after a reading from her own works that she contemplated giving within a few days at the Passmore Settlement, in London, and that she would also show him over the building. A complimentary ticket for the reading was enclosed, and then the following day, evidently forgetting this fact, she sent another ticket. Now, those who have acquired experience in English readings are usually wary of this form of so-called amusement, having learned that the English race was intended by Providence to furnish the audiences, not the entertainers of humanity; but with an object to attain,

one is willing to submit to much. The Passmore Settlement is a most praiseworthy charitable institution, where friendless girls receive valuable assistance and advice from the Marcellas of society —moreover, the girls are said to speak well of the settlement. But, then, they are not required to attend the entertainments organized for their financial benefit. Unfortunately the writer was not a friendless young girl, so for two hours he listened to the reading of scenes from "Eleanor" and "David Grieve" and "Sir George Tressady."

"And now," said the authoress, addressing us when she had at last laid "Eleanor" and "David" wearily to rest after an hour and a quarter, "shall I read a short scene from 'Marcella,' or would you prefer the closing chapter from 'Sir George Tressady,' the account of the mine explosion and the death of Sir George? The selection from 'Marcella' will last only a few minutes, whereas the other will require three-quarters of an hour. Perhaps that will be too long for you?"

"'Sir George Tressady!' 'Sir George Tressady!'" cried that infatuated audience, so "Marcella" was laid on the table, and for nearly an hour we followed the writhings of Sir George as he moaned and groaned between swoons, dictated a letter to his absent spouse, and anxiously felt his nether limbs to see if they were growing cold. He

was as hard to kill as a serpent's tail. But all things come to an end, and at last even Sir George was dead, and everyone crowded forward to shake the hand of his torturer and to assure her how much they had enjoyed the afternoon.

Now, I had watched that audience closely, and I believe the untruth was unintentional; there are people who do not know when they are enjoying themselves, and these were evidently of that class. They had followed closely the reading from beginning to end, and at times had even laughed or looked indignant at the proper place, but not once had their faces betrayed that absorbing interest, that absolute forgetfulness of self, that is the true tribute of genius. How differently must the audiences of Dickens and Thackeray have listened! Unwittingly Mrs. Ward had supplied the best of her own ability. To be sure she is not an accomplished reader, as measured by American standards, and to that extent her efforts were sure to fail of their effect; but, after all due allowance had been made, the conviction remained that we were listening to a woman of talent and observation and industry. Involuntarily my imagination substituted the figure of George Eliot for the one at the reader's desk, and the convincing words of Maggie Tulliver's death seemed to ring in my ears, and the blood throbbed through my veins, and my fingers

tightened around the arm of the chair as the raft drifted to its tragic end. What a difference!

Mrs. Ward is a woman of impressive appearance. Of only medium height as measured by the standard of the non-athletic generation to which she belongs, she is nevertheless not to be passed over lightly, owing to her clear-cut, strong features and keen glance. "A woman who knows her own mind," I told myself as I looked at her firm, solid figure and listened to the metallic ring of her voice; "she would never withdraw from a position once taken up."

Alas for man's liability to error! At the end of the reading, after all the female literary satellites and all the eager, hopeful curates present had made their devoirs and had awkwardly gone, I approached the authoress in order to explain more fully my object in troubling her and to suggest that, in view of her fatigue, we should postpone our conversation to a more fitting time.

"Oh, but I never consent to be interviewed!" she exclaimed.

"I do not desire to interview you, Mrs. Ward," I said; "I should simply like to have the honor of a few minutes' conversation with you and your authorization to publish an account of the same after having submitted it for your approval."

She looked doubtful, and said: "Why, I had

hoped that you would be able to get enough for your purpose from the reading to-day and from my remarks about the time and place of writing 'Eleanor.' Won't that suffice?"

"Hardly, unless you insist," I replied. "I should like to have an ordinary, every-day talk with you about literature in general and your own works in particular, some time when you are not so tired; it would be unjust to trouble you now after the strain you have been under. Don't you think that arrangement would be better?"

"Well," she said, evidently still in fear of some calamity, "I wouldn't perhaps mind making a few remarks about 'Eleanor' to the American public, which has been so extremely kind to me. Suppose you come to see me Wednesday at two o'clock. Will that suit you?"

"Perfectly," I said, enjoying the delightful sensation of knowing myself to be regarded as a source of trouble; "I shall be charmed to take advantage of your kind permission."

Thereupon Mrs. Ward and I parted, she to return, presumably, to the production of more Eleanors and Davids, and I to await the arrival of Wednesday and the hour of two o'clock. Three days passed, and Wednesday came. Midday struck from the neighboring tower, and the fitful London sun broke through the mists and fell pale and

frightened upon the astonished city. I accepted the omen as a friendly sign from the god of chance, and made me ready to start out on the search for 25 Grosvenor Place, S. W.

At that moment there was a knock at the door of my room, and the maid entered. "A telegram for you, sir, just come," said she. I opened it, in a recollection that for three days I had been subconsciously expecting this message. "Mrs. Humphry Ward," I read, "is sorry she cannot receive you this afternoon."

Mrs. Sherwood

In New York and Delhi

BY MRS. SHERWOOD

Born in Keene, New Hampshire

A Sarcasm of Destiny.
A Transplanted Rose.
Manners and Social Usages.
Royal Girls and Royal Courts.
Sweet Brier.
Roxobel.
An Epistle to Posterity.
Here, There, and Everywhere.

Mrs. Sherwood's Home in Delhi.

XIII

Mrs. Sherwood

In New York and in Delhi

THE New York home of Mrs. John Sherwood, who is perhaps better known in literature as M. E. W. Sherwood, for a few years past has been the Hotel Majestic, that stately structure which rises above the trees that mark the western limits of Central Park at Seventy-second Street. In the social life of this family hostelry she is a dominant figure. Usually she may be found in its parlors after dinner, the centre of the throng and the brightest conversationalist seen there. Sometimes she entertains a large company with readings from her own writings or with lectures concerning her travels abroad and the notable persons in all ranks of life whom she has known. Not infrequently she presides at other hotel gatherings where entertainments are given by distinguished strangers. In summer she may go to Seabright or Highland Falls on the Hudson, to Newport or Saratoga. At the latter place she will most likely be found at Yaddo, the guest of her devoted friend, Mrs. Spencer Trask.

Mrs. Sherwood's country home for many years was Delhi, Delaware County, N. Y., where, re-

mote from the village, stands a stately mansion of an older generation surrounded by wooded lands, and bearing at one time the name of Sherwood Forest, but known in later years as Woodland House. The visitor to Delhi seeking the place must make a pilgrimage of a mile and a half down the Delaware River, which there is only a slender stream, hiding itself away under elms and willows, and distant only twenty miles on its way from its source to the sea. The property is now owned by Mrs. Sherwood's son, Samuel Sherwood.

Here one finds a Colonial mansion, built of wood, stretching its wings on either side of a picturesque façade. He will be astonished at the finished ornamentation around the front door and the elaborate detail of the eaves. The beauty of the situation, lying as the house does amidst gardens, and the trees of a fine old park at the foot of a mountain which boasts a forest primeval, will also impress him.

This charming site first attracted a lawyer of twenty odd years, when he made an adventurous journey in search of a home in 1804. He was drawn thither through unbroken forest-paths by oxen. He had the skill and courage to conquer the wilderness and to build a house which none of his descendants has been able to equal. How he did it, with his slender means, has ever remained

a mystery, and how he conquered or achieved such an architectural success, and so much becoming and educated detail, will always remain a mystery. He afterward moved to New York, where he became one of the famous lawyers of his day, and completed a long, industrious, and successful life of eighty-five years, dying early in 1863. Here at Delhi he had his summer home all those years.

Mr. Sherwood left this estate of seven hundred acres of forest, field, orchard, and garden to his grandson, then a mere boy, who had been named after him. These two have been its only owners. It was here that Mrs. John Sherwood came in her early married life to spend her summers. Here she has ever since done much literary work. It is an ideal summer home, silent, secluded, and healthful. In years during the minority of her son she was its hostess. Many a distinguished visitor has enjoyed the fine old trees, the noble prospect over hill and dale, and the delicious air. Since Mr. Samuel Sherwood succeeded to his inheritance she has often been his guest, and has written much in the parlor, where the furniture is of a kind that might once have been owned by Washington.

The house contains old claw-footed mahogany tables, a piano of the gold and mahogany of the Napoleonic era, made in London in 1826, old clocks and chairs, and china rare and pretty. But the

beauty lies in the really artistic wood-carving of the pilasters and mantelpieces, which are of the Ionic order, and as carefully executed as if an architect of to-day had presided over their finishing. Nobody knows who did this work, at a time when a jack-knife was perhaps the main implement applied to wood in Delaware County after the axe had felled the tree. Nearly a century has passed, and still the faithful old chimney draws well, the back-log glows in the ample fireplace, giving most hospitable welcome. The beams are strong and intact, and Woodland House looks as if it might last another hundred years.

The present owner, having a taste for landscape-gardening, has much improved the park and grounds by judicious planting of hedges and the exercise of his fancy for gardening. He respects with proper reverence the fine old place and never modernizes its beautiful outlines. It has inspired a sort of hero-worship in all the descendants of Samuel Sherwood. One of Mrs. Sherwood's best essays, under the title of "The Unknown Picturesque," described it in *Appleton's Journal* and brought her a letter from Washington Irving. Here was written a novel which has had much success, "A Transplanted Rose," and her first novel, which she says had no success at all, called "A Sarcasm of Destiny"; but, as if true to its title, the latter led to literary

popularity at the South, which has stood her in stead with later work.

During an industrious literary life Mrs. Sherwood has contributed some three hundred short stories to various magazines, more than that number of essays, besides various poems and an endless correspondence from Europe, much of which found a home in "An Epistle to Posterity." Perhaps her best work in late years has been done in *The Saturday Review of Books,* in the form of literary essays, reminiscences of authors, and an occasional book criticism, many of which papers were written at Woodland House at a window looking into the tree-tops, with no interruption but that of innumerable squirrels, some pouter pigeons, a thousand birds, and a stately peacock who walked up and down, as if he were at Haddon Hall. Delaware County is rich in birds—golden robins, Baltimore orioles, scarlet tanagas, the exquisite scarlet border woodpeckers, thrushes which sing at dawn, and the bluebird, looking as if he had brought with him a piece of the sky.

Amid the waterfalls and mountain solitudes in this bit of Switzerland in America, amid the finest of primeval forests, with elms, maples, and locusts of gigantic growth, and with a few very noble pines, Woodland House is a place apart, with brooks to make music through its glebe ere they

empty their bright waters into the Delaware, which goes on gathering up treasures until it expands into the great tributary which carries navies on its bosom out to sea.

When one writes of Mrs. Sherwood's home in New York the description, more naturally, should turn to the Windsor Hotel, rather than to the Majestic. And this recalls the great calamity of March 17th, three years ago, which swept that hotel off the earth. The loss of life, although large, was not so great as that in the Brooklyn Theatre fire of many years before, but it was severe enough to cause anguish to many hearts.

Although the Windsor was a splendid and a fashionable hostelry, known especially to the better class of English travellers as a favorite house for a temporary stop, it was essentially a home. Year after year its commodious apartments sheltered the same families, and people who went for a week stayed for years. It had a quiet elegance, and there was a home feeling within its walls. Three beautiful parlors in front gave everybody a view of the gay panorama of Fifth Avenue. Its octagon parlor was a quiet place for music and reading. The grand hall, opening up to a roof by an open shaft, gave excellent ventilation, and the grand dining-room, the largest single arch in New York, was unsurpassed for coolness, light, and good breathing effects.

People who had been cremated nightly in other hotels went to the Windsor and breathed more freely and deeply. This dining-room, lighted by eight large windows, let in the winter's sun most healthfully; but, strange to say, it was the coolest room in summer in New York. Here for years, under a series of accomplished hosts, went on an unbroken record of good eating and careful serving. Indeed, so famous was the hotel for having almost impossible luxuries that it was boasted that during the blizzard of March 12, 1888, fresh strawberries were served every day! When asked where he got them, the steward replied: "In the roof-garden."

"I lived all over it," said Mrs. Sherwood, in recalling the hotel, "in the nine years which I made it my home; but I got to like best an apartment on the sixth floor, into which the sun poured all through the dreary winter, when it shone everywhere. I used to rise at five to see Venus as the morning star, and after another nap would again draw my curtains to see the sun rise in a bit of scene painting of opal and ruby which would have made the fortune of any theatre in town. On cloudy mornings, when a sea fog made the aërial perspective worthless for taking an observation, the sun would seem to hang like a red ball near my window, so near to me that, had I been less in awe of his Majesty, I would have extended my

hand to him. Then, after enjoying his levee, I would go back, draw my curtains, and take another nap.

"The views from these upper windows of the Windsor were lovely, stretching over countless spires to Weehawken on the one side and to Long Island on the other. So warm and sheltered were these apartments that one could raise flowers in the windows, and no fire was necessary. They were very much in demand by rheumatics and invalids, and one lady, who had a valuable collection of paintings and rare books, took one of them for the fine light—alas! Filled thus as the sixth story was with a very sympathetic crowd of people, who enjoyed the immunity from noise and the presence of the sun, no one thought of the danger of fire, although it was often brought to our attention by Mr. Wetherbee, that master of organization, whose energetic rule had done much to bring the Windsor to perfection. He was always afraid of fire, and had no hesitancy in saying, when he left the Windsor for the Manhattan: 'I am glad to leave this tinderbox, this fire-trap.'

"I never borrow trouble anywhere. I always let it come the whole way, quite certain that it will arrive when it is necessary. So that I do not remember ever being afraid of fire in all these years. During the last winter in the Windsor, when I

had a very severe fit of illness, I occasionally looked out at my iron fire-escape, just outside my window, and then laid a warm dressing-gown and slippers where I might don them speedily. I cannot now understand my temerity, my foolishness. I hid away the unsightly rope hung there for my safety, and the subject of fire was the one thing which troubled me least.

"As for being frightened, as one ought to have been, nobody was. The Windsor protected many thousands for nearly thirty years, and then burned down in thirty minutes. We who were miraculously saved watched the holocaust with wonder that we had been so lapped in Elysium. Perhaps the ceaseless pit-a-pat of the watchmen at night kept us quiet. The house had been put under excellent surveillance. Indeed, one of the surviving watchmen told me that 'the fire could not have occurred in the night,' and perhaps the confusion of St. Patrick's Day, the open windows, the absence of the men whose duty it was to watch fire, helped to the final catastrophe.

"I started by appointment at 2.30 o'clock to go down to call on Miss Helen McKinley, on the lowest floor on the Fifth Avenue side of the Windsor, on that fatal day. Something induced me to linger and take a final look at that apartment which I was never to see again. It looked very cheerful,

with a great pot of tulips blossoming in the window and throwing out a flaunting flag of encouragement to the reluctant spring. Its red and white draperies and its Roman blankets were imprisoning the sunbeams, and around the walls hung the portraits of my family and friends. Friendly photographs found a leaning against the wall. My favorite books were on my bookshelves, and my heavily laden and disorderly writing-table showed the life of the busy woman. My needlework lay on a chair, and my half-read novel on the table. Bric-à-brac from all over the world was spread about, and under the Roman and Spanish blankets were chests containing the accumulations of a lifetime, in letters, souvenirs, manuscripts, journals, and all that a woman can wear. I had made this agreeable corner my winter home. I had been forced into invalid habits, and I had made it so cheerful and pretty that I could scarcely bear to leave it; and as I look back upon that momentary lingering I cannot but feel that it was intended as a farewell by those mysterious spirits whom we call our guardian angels, who, however, forced me to move on to safety.

"I think I had not been downstairs three times during the winter. I certainly had never made a call at that time. As I crossed the vast parallelogram which separated me from the elevator I perceived a strong odor of kerosene, and as Warren

Guion, our Casabianca, as he was about to prove himself an hour later, opened the door for me, I said: 'Have you broken a kerosene lamp?' 'No, madam,' said he, 'there is no such thing in the Windsor Hotel.'

"When I alighted from the elevator on the lowest floor he told me it was 2.30 o'clock. Perhaps I had chatted about twenty minutes with the ladies in the McKinley parlor before we saw an agitation in the ranks of the Sixty-ninth Regiment, which was deploying at the head of the procession. Then a puff of smoke came down from the seventh story. 'Ah,' said I, 'a little fire in an upper room.' I had often seen such put out. I felt quite lethargic and unlike moving until some ropes came down past the window, and finally a woman, who fell prone from her rope. Then I opened the door into the hall which led to the Forty-sixth Street door, and two firemen seized me, lifted me across a burning bit of matting, and deposited me in Forty-sixth Street. The one glance which I gave backward showed me the flames in the elevator shaft.

"Hurried across that crowded street, already full of engines, people, and ambulances, I looked up at the burning house. Tremendous flames and smoke were bursting from the seventh story, and a few were creeping up from the ground floor on the farthest corner of the Madison Avenue side. Down

the fire-escapes women were crawling, and others were painfully gesticulating at the sixth-story windows.

"Those magnificent fellows, the New York firemen, were already putting up ladders to rescue the latter. Such courage had they, such unselfish devotion to duty, such inspirations! The blood of heroes and martyrs seemed to be surging in their veins. Greater than the courage of a soldier in battle is their courage. Greater than a wild Indian's in their indifference to pain. Superb is their resource and invention. What steady pulses, strong beating hearts, and good breath must they have as they take a woman from a sixth-story burning room, throw her over the shoulder as if she were a bag of meal, and bring her down one of these little scaling-ladders. They seem to tread on air and to be indifferent to the law of gravitation. When they have a life to save the angels lend them their wings. Alas! I saw sadder sights, as women threw themselves from these windows, were picked up by ambulances and carried off to hospitals.

"In the barber's shop where I had taken refuge were some poor hysterical mothers who had come up from downtown and whose children were in the Windsor. I never heard whether they met again. One by one an old acquaintance of the Windsor who had come down a fire-escape in dressing-gown

would wander in, hurt, wounded, and yet composed and sensible. It was rather the habit for the Windsor House ladies to lie down after luncheon for a short sleep before going to afternoon church or for a drive. They were an industrious and energetic set, devoted to shopping, and doubtless got very tired. To this habit many of them owed loss of life, as well as loss of all their rings. Had they paused a moment to pick up a cloak they perhaps would have been burned to death.

"I do not know how many little children were lost, but I know, thank God! of three who were saved. Our excellent and thoughtful Warren Guion, who died at his post, going back for some ladies upstairs after the policemen had tried to get him out of his elevator, had previously saved my three little grandchildren by telling them that I was not in my room. He had no idea of fire, but he did what he did for these children from kindness. They went out on the balcony to see the procession, and a cool, strong nurse led them through burning rooms to their safety.

"I found shelter for the afternoon and night in the hospitable house of Mrs. Seligman, 2 East Forty-sixth Street, directly opposite the burning Windsor, which I saw blaze all night. I hope I may never be in such need of a shelter as I was on March 17th; but if I am, I hope that any place

may look as safe to me as did Mrs. Seligman's laundry, a great, spacious, comfortable city house, stretching back indefinitely. I suppose some other people may have as good a basement, but I do not know it. Here at seven o'clock my sons found me, safe, unburned, unscarred, and at the end of an awful afternoon. The first puff of smoke was visible from the Windsor to me at 3 P.M. At 3.30 the walls had fallen!

"It would be like writing a history about our civilization to describe the many famous people I have seen at the Windsor, from Patti holding the hand of Nicolini to President McKinley and Admiral Schley. Famous people in art, in science, in social life, and in literature passed before us. It was a liberal education to live there and see them go by. There seemed to be always a majority of the better element, of gentlemen and of ladies. It was well fitted, with its fine banqueting-hall, for great *fêtes*, which went on constantly."

Blanche Willis Howard

In Munich, Bavaria

BY MISS HOWARD

Born in Maine; died in Munich in 1899

One Summer.
Aulnay Towers.
Aunt Serena.
Guenn.
The Open Door.
One Year Abroad.

XIV

Blanche Willis Howard

In Munich, Bavaria

FOR nearly a score of years Blanche Willis Howard not only held a secure position in American literature, but enjoyed that very rare privilege of pleasing both the critics and the public. Yet, to accomplish this, she did not conspire with the press agent or the interviewer; she was neither the Queen's favorite novelist nor the prophet of a new Utopia. In fact she lived, during the greater part of the time, quite remotely in Europe, and her books appeared from time to time with no flourish of trumpets, without so much as a photograph of the author. In spite of which she was perhaps, with the single exception of Mr. Henry James, the only American novelist who found a long exile and a firm hold upon the American public at all compatible. In her death, a few years ago, the reading public knew that it had met with a distinct loss.

Notwithstanding the dearth of newspaper paragraphs about her, most American readers knew the author of " One Summer " as Madame von Teuffel, and realized that, while she was a loyal New England woman, her home for many years was in Ger-

many. In order to swell the slender store of facts the writer visited Munich and interrupted Madame von Teuffel's work long enough to chat with her, delightfully, of many things.

One no sooner enters Munich, curiously beautiful old city that it is, than one recognizes the same subtle flavor that has lent so great a charm to Blanche Willis Howard's later works, particularly her single short stories and her "Seven on the Highway." The truthfulness of these sharply etched pictures is indisputable, once one has felt that peculiar blending of mediæval angularity and modern expansiveness, characteristic of Bavarian Munich. And it has a wonderful stimulus, this sunny, Old World atmosphere, with, on the one hand, its academic repose, on the other its close and sympathetic connection with the nerve circles of modern life, and, permeating and coloring all like the time-stain on some old tapestry or carving, that catholicism which holds the ingenuous Bavarians as firmly today as it did hundreds of years ago. It is an atmosphere which compels sympathy, and would tinge any work produced within its borders.

Munich, however, was only one of many homes of the writer of "Seven on the Highway," and her outlook here, upon one of the most quiet parts of the city, with Ludwig I.'s towering obelisk close at hand, the art galleries and the university not

far distant, she exchanged periodically for Paris, London, or Guernsey—the latter a favorite spot—or the Orient. Madame von Teuffel's literary penates were singularly adaptable. "Given a theme, a certain amount of seclusion, my swan-pen, and my type-writer, and I can do my work—such as it is—almost anywhere," was her confession of her own very simple requirements. Her temporary home-life in Munich, which was simple and charming, was spent in the company of her sons and in an atmosphere vibrant with her own magnetic personality. There existed, by the way, an unusually beautiful relationship between Madame von Teuffel and her sons, whose devotion to her was remarkable. The best things that the city had to give were, in fullest measure, at her disposal. The most valued lectures of the university were open to her—for in Germany women must still enter a university by the side door and content themselves with Madame von Teuffel's wise reflection that, with so much within, it was foolish to quibble over the manner of one's admission.

Socially, Munich offers the charm of a circle that includes artists and litterateurs of many nationalities, and which recognizes as its moving spirit the poet and critic, Paul Heyse, who was an old and intimate friend of Madame von Teuffel's. Apropos of this side of her life, it ought to be said that

Madame von Teuffel was quite the delightful and brilliant conversationalist which one would expect her to be. The humor which is so much a part of her writing was characteristic of her in all circumstances. With all this, she was persistently industrious, and her days—long, delightful German days they were, which always seemed to contain twice as many hours as American ones—were almost invariably spent in writing for that American public which late in life she never saw nor heard.

As we walked through that beautiful park which Munich has called her English Garden, I learned of Madame von Teuffel's passion for all varieties of outdoor life. While she delighted above all in the sea and its pleasures, there were also compensations for life in a town, chief among which was the wheel. While she was the most enthusiastic of bicyclists, she reserved some of her energies for riding and walking, and by no means scorned indoor athletics. Swimming she practised constantly, and in this sport maintained a prestige which few women could rival. To be able to swim easily two miles at a stretch is no ordinary accomplishment for a woman, and it was evident Madame von Teuffel prided herself far more upon this feat than upon her literary successes.

One realized in her that one had indeed found an exception to the American temper and the Ameri-

can literary method when one learned that the author of "Guenn" did not choose her surroundings with regard to their availability as "copy." At home we may consider it altogether legitimate, and even commendable, to ruin our clothes and our tempers in the search for the untold story and the unpainted scene. Once having stumbled upon a "type," to dissect him until he affords the outline of a sketch or story—this we may consider a necessary and not wholly disagreeable side of the artist's mission. To Madame von Teuffel, however, that deliberate probing after the dramatic and picturesque which a Richard Harding Davis or a Stephen Crane would readily permit himself was repugnant. She adopted, rather, the more natural attitude of letting her stories seek her, and remodelling them, artist fashion, as they came.

"I go about among the German peasants and working people and fishermen on the Baltic, and the mountaineers in the Tyrol," she admitted. "But with no ulterior motive, and certainly not with a note-book in my hand. Sooner or later they are apt to tell me their stories, I suppose because they feel my human sympathy and interest. I like them, and they perceive it. But I do not pursue or lie in wait for them, and I do not catechise them."

Which was quite consistent with Madame von

Teuffel's further point of view that the Germans, or, for that matter, the Americans, were of interest to the writer or philosopher, first and last, as human beings; and that to study them merely with reference to their external differences from other nationalities would be superficial and unprofitable.

Of books and their makers Madame von Teuffel said many a good and pertinent thing. One noted in her that fine catholicity of taste which is so rare that one distrusts it at first appearance. This is but the mask of tolerance, one assures one's self, and prepares for the flourish of Ibsenism, or the fanfare of Tolstoi, or the pæan of ultra-modernism which is sure to sound when the little prelude shall be over and the curtain rung up. For most of us are the prophets of some one little literary god, and fall into the way of expecting in others the same armed-to-the-teeth fanaticism. But conversation with this very keen student of men and of books failed to reveal any such shrieking partisanship. A constant reader of the philosophers and scientists, and a devoted student of Goethe, she by no means lacked sympathy with the "minor" writers, and kept constantly in touch with the literary output of all modern languages. Meredith she considered the greatest of contemporary English novelists. Kipling and Hardy were especial favorites. But, while delighting in Kipling's superb

vitality, she admitted also a love of artistic setting, of style *per se,* which led her to admire Pater, and to single out especially that brilliant essayist, Alice Meynell. For our own Miss Repplier Madame von Teuffel professed a particularly keen sympathy.

In all the so-called modern problems—sociological, educational, and other—Madame von Teuffel took much more than a passing interest. Nor did her sympathies stop at the border of the "woman question," though here she preferred to be reticent. Indeed, in this respect she would be likely to agree with Miss Repplier, that "there are few things more wearisome in a fairly fatiguing life than the monotonous repetition of a phrase which catches and holds the public fancy by virtue of its total lack of significance." "It is hardly reasonable to suppose," Madame von Teuffel said, "that, in view of the fact that I have myself worked since I was eighteen years old, I should lack sympathy with the welfare or progress of women." Nevertheless, to her, as to many rational persons, the practice of separating the work of men and women, of erecting "women's buildings," indefinitely multiplying "women's clubs," and of forming women's political parties, was particularly distasteful. For the present she has before her eyes the cheering spectacle of a very considerable group of women who had so far defied the supposed thraldom of the

tyrannous sex as to take, intellectually, socially, and artistically, a high place. Munich is crowded with women students, every one of whom has had a sharp victory over tradition in order to gain the intellectual power which she guards as tenaciously as the German man, and applies as cleverly as the American woman.

Madame von Teuffel had a nest, full of literary nurslings, all of which she intended to let fly to America in good time. Novels, magazine stories, a newspaper correspondence which includes a bi-monthly department, of unusual strength and piquancy, in *Collier's Weekly*—all formed part of a really stupendous amount of work which found its way through the rollers of that busy type-writer in the course of a year. Yet, admirably as this clever writer gauged the temper of her public, and unfailingly successful as her work had been, she had, inevitably, only the remotest sort of connection with the audience which was so loyal to her. The roar of the Atlantic was quite loud enough to dull the echo of public opinion long before it reached quiet Germany, and appreciation must have come to her quite distilled, in the form of letters or, more or less belated, through the press. It was a curious and infrequent situation, but Madame von Teuffel did not seek to avoid it by becoming a link in any complacent, mutually adulatory chain of literary

folk. Of "log-rolling" in principle and practice she was altogether distrustful, and found at all times much the greatest stimulus in an atmosphere not freighted with the prejudices and ready-made opinions of many "literary centres."

The impression which one carried away from Blanche Willis Howard's German home was that of absolute poise and tranquillity. One felt that she had gained that enviable isolation, that restful stepping aside from the current of things, for the lack of which so many of her fellow-writers must beat their breasts in despair. For the paramount advantage of German life is that it allows one, as we express it, to "hear one's self think"—and what noise-deafened American writer would not be grateful to listen, now and then, to the smooth whirr of his own mental machinery? And were there any likelihood that the vigor, the particularly trenchant qualities of Madame von Teuffel's work, would result from another such self-imposed exile, one is tempted to think that we could spare a handful of writers, now and then, for the sake of the experiment.

Harriet Prescott Spofford

In Deer Island, Massachusetts

BY MRS. SPOFFORD

Born in Calais, Maine

Sir Rohan's Ghost.
The Amber Gods.
New England Legends.
The Marquis of Carabas.
Hester Stanley.
Art Decoration Applied to Furniture.
A Master Spirit.
In Titian's Garden and Other Poems.

Mrs. Spofford's Home.

XV

Harriet Prescott Spofford

In Deer Island, Massachusetts

WHOEVER has traversed the beautiful highway from quaint Newburyport, where the glories of a former day of sea-wealth are not yet fully extinct, on toward Amesbury, now renowned for the glistening perfection of its famous carriages, must have paused a moment in sheer delight at the marvellous picturesqueness of Deer Island, which rises from the Merrimac River in rocky grandeur at one of its ends and slopes to the water in green and sedgy peace at the other. "The home for a poet" is the first thought awakened by its superb situation, its generous size, its evident age, its embowerment in vines and trees, and its architectural beauty of that era which men are now bringing back to the world. It is the home of a poet, and of a true and lovely woman besides, for here during twenty-five years has lived Harriet Prescott Spofford. At least, it has been her summer abode, and in all those qualities that are best loved and dearest it is her real home. Here are the household gods, here the tenderest memories, here the care and labor to make

the place a paradise, and here, doubtless, the chief inspiration for many of the glowing works of its mistress.

Years ago Deer Island was bisected by a turnpike road, and here toll was taken on account of man and beast. Great six-horse teams went laboring into town with timber and country produce and back again with West India goods and Newburyport rum for the country storekeeper. The southern shore of the island is connected with the mainland by the famous "chain bridge," the first of its kind in America. This structure has been rebuilt to some extent, but it is essentially the same curious affair as of old, rather awe-inspiring to the stranger who passes it for the first time. Electricity, that devourer of all likely roads, has claimed this one, and the grinding jangle of its cars has come as the one modern tone in an idyllic spot. But they afford you a pleasantly apprehensive sensation, for as your car touches the planking of the bridge you see the floor ahead undulate like the back of the conventional sea-serpent. This instability, some sixty feet above a swiftly moving river, is not good for weak nerves. However, the reflection that it is characteristic of chain bridges in general is sufficiently reassuring.

When the car has left you in the very middle of the island, and has gone rumbling on over the

more modern bridge that crosses toward Amesbury, you stand for a minute in the road and catch your breath at the absolute beauty of the place. On this lofty plateau the eye sweeps around from the green salt meadows near Newburyport to the splendid forests across to the west, and thence to the Salisbury shore, where the lordly Merrimac bends sharply around and is lost to view. There is a soft rush of tide at the foot of the crags, a rustle of the wind in mighty pines, a warm glow of sunlight, and a dancing glitter of wavelets on every side. And then comes the peaceful old house, standing quiet guard over all this opulence of nature. It needs only the crash of the breakers, distant not many miles to the eastward, to complete the sum-total of natural elements that have their counterpart in Mrs. Spofford's wonderful prose, with its wealth of color, its lofty spirituality, its tender grace, and its surging passion. I think that in the hunger for the new in literature the splendor of its word-painting may have faded from the public mind somewhat, but it needs only a re-reading of "Sir Rohan's Ghost," "The South Breaker," and "Midsummer and May" to convince one of its pre-eminence.

But the quaintest of little rustic gates set in the hedge invites us to pass into the more intimate domain of the Spoffords, and, lifting a mass of

vines that overarch it, we stoop—and conquer. Once inside the sheltering shrubs and trees we are beyond any suggestion of the hurly-burly world. Even the funny old stern-wheel steamer that plies between Haverhill and Black Rock moves placidly up the stream with long, lazy wheezes, as if loath to make itself a discordant element in the neighborhood.

Now the ancient house is seen to be of noble and artistic proportions, hip-roofed and dormer-windowed in the good old style, and flanked by a generous veranda, over which the climbing trumpet flowers (my visit was made in mid-winter) throw their scarlet masses in picturesque profusion. When he acquired the property Mr. Spofford turned the building half around, so that it no longer faces the street, but looks out upon the woods across the river—a tract that the owner of Deer Island had the rare foresight to purchase, so that the axe of the utilitarian could never strip the prospect of its beauty.

Imagine a little grassy plain, dotted with flowers and bushes, reaching to the sheer edge of a bold and rocky precipice. Picture a sort of Italian balustrade along this edge, and a great number of evergreens—firs, spruces, and hemlocks—shading it; seats everywhere and of every description tucked away between rocks and trees, and most of them

overlooking the swirling water far below; then, more to the northward, several groups of as magnificent pines as you will find in any primeval forest. Far out on the point they stand, a poet's sentinels. From under them the eye is drawn to the heights on the left bank, where the "Castle," a somewhat romantic structure, and once the home of Sir Edward Thornton, dominates its immediate surroundings. Around to the northwest the tower of the once famous "Hawkswood" rises over the trees. Small wonder that all travellers have praised the beauty of this scene, that Whittier loved it, that Bayard Taylor called it "unexcelled."

Within the house are more delights, most attractive of which perhaps are the great hall and the fine old staircase that branches into two flights after a little and leads to an upper hall, taking in the full length of the mansion. The "home room" is on the left of the hall in the westerly end of the house. It is a parlor, salon, and sitting-room, all in one, and certainly it is large enough for the triple purpose, its length being the entire width of the dwelling. Windows of proportionate size give it a very airy effect and furnish frames for charming glimpses of forest and water. Cheeriness is the keynote of the room. The furniture is simple and attractive, and not so new as to suggest lack of adaptability to the human frame. There is

no particular "scheme" of decoration, nor the exploitation of any fad.

Excellent pictures of all sorts are on the walls—two of them gems, a fruit piece by Maltesi and a religious painting of "Christ at the Judgment," attributed to Bassano. This picture was bequeathed to Mr. Spofford by President Pierce. If genuine, it is of great value—but there's the rub. However, no one will venture to say that it is not. A splendid fireplace, edged with polished serpentine, gives the right touch of dignity. Just off from the large room is a small but well-stocked library, and still behind that the quaintest, coziest den imaginable, whose most salient piece of furniture seems to be an old-fashioned writing-chair, with a huge table for its right arm. Here was Mr. Spofford's working-place in days gone by, and here his friends used to come and smoke the pipe of peace and happiness. It is a place of memories and dreams, but for that matter so is the whole domain, with its indescribable air of something remote and of another world.

Mrs. Spofford, when the writer saw her, was slowly recovering from a long and serious illness—the first of her life—and she saw very few people. She did not like to deny any visitor the pleasure he might get from an interview with her. "But one must get well if one can, you know," she said,

with a smile. Those for whom the prohibition was removed saw a slender, graceful woman, with silvery hair and a gentle face, whose lines of just discernible sadness were relieved by eloquent and beautiful eyes, in which lay the light of faith and humanity. Of her own work she talked little; rather would she hear and join in praises of the loveliness of her island home or discuss the doings of the modern world. She was surprisingly in touch with the problems of to-day, and her thought is of value.

A peep into Mrs. Spofford's dining-room should not be omitted, for it is an exceedingly old-fashioned place, with a rare antique sideboard, historic china, and other furnishings of value to the eye of the connoisseur. A very curious ornament is a wonderfully artistic ship's bell, found floating on the ocean long ago by a Newburyport sea-captain. It is now mounted on the mantel, and its mellow tones are employed to summon the family to table. Here you will find that the delightful other-day custom of offering cake and wine to the visitor is still in vogue, and, as you gracefully accept the now almost obsolete hospitality, pages of Miss Wilkins's charming books flit across your mind. Surely there must be lavender in the linen-chests upstairs, and jam and jellies in immaculate rows in the cellar storeroom.

The larger part of the island lies across the road, and it is almost as beautiful as the house-plot. First come the trim vegetable gardens, and beyond a very respectable hay-field. On the right shore is a magnificent pine-grove, with its smooth floor of brown needles, large enough for the picnics of whole regiments of Sunday-school children. Around to the left a pretty summer-house is nestled on a commanding point, and near it is a little wharf where the boats of the domain are fastened. On both sides of the road the usual "No trespassing" signs are conspicuous by their absence, but there is a rather formidable dog chained up in the yard behind the house. Left to his own devices o' nights, he is probably entirely sufficient to check any chance marauders who might lack respect for poets.

The long afternoon slipped speedily away in this pleasant pilgrimage, and the low-lying sun was burnishing the river with saffron and pink. It was a fitting time to bid good-by to Deer Island and to the woman who is a part of its poetry and charm. As it has been for twenty years, so you leave it now.

Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney

In Milton Lower Mills, Massachusetts

BY MRS. WHITNEY

Born in Boston, Massachusetts

Friendly Letters to Young Girls.
Faith Gartney's Girlhood.
The Gayworthys.
A Summer in Leslie Goldthwaite's Life.
We Girls.
Real Folks.
A Golden Gossip.
White Memories.

Mrs. Whitney's Home.

XVI

Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney

In Milton Lower Mills, Massachusetts

FROM Boston State House to Milton Lower Mills is just six miles, and in the old times, when Governor Belcher was the ruler of the Massachusetts Commonwealth, a line of milestones marked the distances to the Governor's Milton House. State officials and clergymen have been fond of this old New England town. One part of it, indeed, was at one time called Zion's Hill, because in close neighborhood half a score of clergymen had their permanent or their summer homes, and in the group were included S. K. Lothrop, Joseph Angier, Edward Everett Hale, Chandler Robbins, and John Weiss. Among civil dignitaries living in Milton perhaps the most distinguished was Governor Thomas Hutchinson, whose house was surrounded by grounds whose fame has extended to the present day, for everyone in Milton, at least, understands what it means when reference is made to "The Governor's Garden." After Hutchinson's forced departure for England, James Warren, President of the Provincial Congress, occupied the house, and Milton was well known to other leading patriots. Close by the Mil-

ton station is the old Vose House, where in 1774 were adopted the famous Suffolk Resolves, which were reported by General Joseph Warren. It is an unpretending Colonial mansion, which one might hardly notice but for the tablet stating its historic importance. In front of it are three large elms.

Only a few doors beyond the historic Vose House is the residence of Mrs. Whitney. For many years she lived in a larger house farther from the centre of the village, known as Elm Corner, and here all her important books were written, except the first, "Mother Goose for Grown Folks." But, after her son decided to occupy the old Whitney homestead (built by his grandfather) near the station, Mrs. Whitney gave up Elm Corner to her daughter, Mrs. T. A. Field, and her family, while she built a smaller house for herself on the land near her son's home. This house of Mrs. Whitney's is a pretty cottage of wood, painted light brown, with many windows. The visitor feels its individuality and homelikeness from the moment of entering the small, square hall. On the left of the entrance is a light and airy drawing-room, with a large centre-table laden with books and photographs, a well-filled bookcase, carefully selected pictures, and easy-chairs and handsome pieces of old-fashioned furniture brought from Elm Corner. Over the mantelpiece hangs a fine portrait of Mrs. Whitney's

father, Colonel Enoch Train, one of the most substantial of old-time Boston merchants, whose enterprise established the first line of packets between Boston and Liverpool, and of whom his nephew, George Francis Train, has just written entertainingly in his autobiography, "My Life in Many States and in Foreign Lands."

The present Warren Line is a direct successor of the line established by Colonel Train. Pleasant though this room is, it is not Mrs. Whitney's workroom. Passing through the hall (where hang oil-portraits of Mrs. Whitney's father and mother) and up the stairway to the floor above, one reaches the little study. Here at a small square writing-table Mrs. Whitney spends many hours daily. There is a quaint old-fashioned desk in one corner devoted to correspondence. There is a deep-toned oil-painting of the Crucifixion over the mantel—possibly the work of an old master—and here, as in the room below, are many books. The study has only one window, but as this has a wide easterly outlook it adds more to the charm of the room than would three windows with a more contracted view. There are plants in the window, and though Mrs. Whitney, when writing, sits with her back to the light, I imagine that the curtains are seldom drawn, and that she must often turn from her seat to gaze at the beautiful prospect.

Milton has two fine natural features—a constantly rolling surface and a beautiful winding river. The rolling surface culminates in the Blue Hills, the highest land in Eastern Massachusetts, and the meandering Neponset River is a constant delight to poet and artist. The road from the station up Milton Hill is almost like a bluff above the river, and from the back windows of the house one can look far beyond the river and the marshes to the lower part of Boston Harbor. From some houses—and Mrs. Whitney's is one of them—one can get a glimpse of the old bridge and of some of the mills at the falls, for the Neponset River has a practical as well as a poetic aspect.

In spite of the allurement of the view, Mrs. Whitney is very persistent in her methods of work, and always keeps steadily at the thing she has in hand, whether story or essay. Anyone familiar with her writings must realize that she puts herself into them very thoroughly. She believes that conscientious literary work demands the best that is in the writer, and that social life should be secondary, except in those cases where an author has unusual physical strength.

Although Mrs. Whitney herself is now some years past seventy-five, it is not flattery to say that she looks much younger. Her blue eye is bright, her hair is not wholly gray, and her figure, though

slight, does not lack vigor. In her widow's black, with small and becoming cap, she has a graceful dignity of manner, which, added to a certain nervous force, charms all who meet her.

Though Milton is so near Boston she has no part in the social or literary life of the large city. This is her own choice, for she believes that her work demands all the time and strength that she has after satisfying the claims of the children and grandchildren to whom she is so devoted. Boston, however, was Mrs. Whitney's early home, and the house is still standing in Mount Vernon Street, at the old West End, where she spent her girlhood. George Francis Train, by the way, passed part of his youth in the same house, for, though not her brother, as some biographers will have it, he is Mrs. Whitney's own cousin. Of her father Citizen Train gives interesting glimpses in his autobiography.

Mrs. Whitney for several years was a pupil at the famous school of George B. Emerson, and in concluding her school-days she had a year at Miss Dwight's boarding-school at Northampton. She was only nineteen when, in 1843, she married Mr. Seth Whitney, of Milton, and went to live in the old town, which has been her home ever since. The family moved to Elm Corner in 1860, but before that Mrs. Whitney's four children had been born in the house at the corner of Randolph and Clinton

Avenue. In 1859 Mrs. Whitney had published that witty, poetic satire, "Mother Goose for Grown Folks," and in 1857 that thoughtful poem, "Footsteps on the Seas"; but until she went to Elm Corner her literary work had been ephemeral, appearing chiefly in the religious press. The first thing of hers ever published was a contribution to *The Religious Magazine*, edited by Dr. (afterward Bishop) Huntington. After the success of "Mother Goose," her publishers urged her to write a story, and this was the occasion of "The Boys of Chequasset," based on what she observed of the zest with which her own son studied ornithology. But after the appearance of "Faith Gartney's Girlhood," in 1863, there was no doubt of her vocation, and since that time she has given the world one volume after another at intervals of a year or two, until the whole list now includes about twenty-five tales. "The Gayworthys" came out in 1865, and was published also in England. Mrs. Whitney's subsequent books have been published and well received there.

English critics have, indeed, been very cordial toward Mrs. Whitney, and more than one has lamented that she has chosen to limit her scope to anything smaller than a great novel. One English critic speaks of the "flashes of genius that illumine wide expanses of thought," and all are impressed

by her power of painting minute spiritual aspects. But, after all, Mrs. Whitney's audience is indifferently young or old; nothing that she writes is over the heads of young readers (excepting, perhaps, "Hitherto"), yet her characters have a strength and her stories a subtlety that make them appeal warmly to the inveterate novel reader. In other words, she is a student of human nature, and she makes her fiction a vehicle for teaching some of the higher truths. That the characters in her novels are thoroughly natural is shown by the interest with which we greet them as they reappear in some other book besides the one for which they were originally designed.

Marmaduke Wharne, Miss Craydocke, Rosamond Holabird, Hazel Ledworth, Leslie Goldthwaite, and the rest come in time to seem like old friends. Those who were fond of her stories twenty years ago can reread them now with pleasure, and some of her earliest stories have still a large sale. "Faith Gartney" and "Leslie Goldthwaite" have an especially wide circle of admirers, and even in these later years, a generation since they were written, Mrs. Whitney receives letters from time to time telling of this or that baby girl who has been named for the heroines of these books.

Many of Mrs. Whitney's minor characters linger long in the memory. There is Mrs. Inchcape, who

goes about with a canton crape duster in her hand, saying, "My home is my life," and Mrs. Gair, who attached so much importance to the uncertain and sporadic society that she had scrambled into relation with. From characterizations like these it is easy to see that Mrs. Whitney sets a proper value on the narrow-minded housewife and on the aspiring snob. In "We Girls" she is especially severe toward the false standards of those American girls who are always drawing intangible social lines.

Mrs. Whitney is too liberal-minded to ignore what good there may be in the modern so-called woman movement. Yet she still believes that the higher development of woman is best served when it runs along the quieter domestic and intellectual lines. She expresses herself strongly in conversation regarding the bustle and confusion of modern life, and is not certain of the value of the multifarious club life so popular with women now. In her little volume of advice for girls she has expressed herself very clearly on some of these points. The excitement of city life could never be agreeable to one of her temperament, and she seldom goes to Boston, she says, except to pass through it on her way to the quiet New Hampshire farm where she spends part of each summer with her daughter and grandchildren.

Milton, with its decided individuality, is the pro-

totype of towns which form the scenes of many of Mrs. Whitney's stories. The village people, the workers in the mill, the richer people, with large estates, all are there. When we visit Milton, even a superficial glance at it shows us that Mrs. Whitney has made good use of her five years of residence there. Near to Boston though it is, Milton has reserved its village-like characteristics unusually long. Electric cars, however, bring it very near the city; the park commissioners are planning boulevards that will bring a larger throng of excursionists; yet it is likely to be a long time before the old town loses its air of rural calm. Besides Mrs. Whitney, William Ordway Partridge, the sculptor-poet, and Thomas Bailey Aldrich are among the literary and artistic people who have lived part of the year in Milton.

Margaret E. Sangster

In Brooklyn, New York

BY MRS. SANGSTER

Born in New Rochelle, New York

On the Road Home.
Easter Bells.
Poems of the Household.
Home Fairies and Heart Flowers.
Hours with Girls.
May Stanhope and Her Friends.
Little Knights and Ladies.

XVII

Margaret E. Sangster

In Brooklyn, New York

THE story goes that when one has gathered a four-leaved clover, if he will remain upon the lucky spot and look about him, others of this small herald of good fortune will soon be found. This was recalled when the writer, some years ago, discovered that Mrs. Margaret Elizabeth Sangster, who then lived on Greene Avenue, in Brooklyn, was surrounded by a peculiarly literary atmosphere. Mrs. Sangster lived in the Bedford district, although her home at present is in Glen Ridge, N. J. Upon the opposite side of the same street with her in Brooklyn lived Will Carleton. Just across the way Mrs. Terhune (Marion Harland) at one time had her home in winter. Upon the square below lived the late Julian Ralph. Mrs. Caroline Creevey, the author of "Flowers of Field, Hill, and Swamp," and Mr. Henry Chadwick, who is extensively connected with Brooklyn journalism, were also neighbors of Mrs. Sangster. Moreover, Olive Thorne Miller, Mrs. Kate Upson Clark, Mrs. Margaret Hamilton Welsh, Mrs. Mary Bolles Branch and her daughter, Anna

Branch, dwelt in this same neighborhood. It would seem as if the clover story has found manifold exemplification.

Mrs. Sangster was born in New Rochelle, N. Y., but had lived in Brooklyn since her early girlhood. She attended Professor Paul Abodie's school, and it is an interesting fact that Miss Booth, who was editor of *Harper's Bazar* previous to Mrs. Sangster's assuming that post, which she occupied until quite recent years, was also a pupil of this same school.

Mrs. Sangster has been writing all her life. She began to read when three years old. In fact, as she herself says, it seems as if she were "born reading." She was sixteen years old when she wrote her first story—wrote it without the knowledge of her people. Her choice of retreat, singularly enough, was often the stairs, where she would write for hours. When finally she had finished the little story—it was the story of a child—she sent it to the Presbyterian Board of Publication in Philadelphia. After a time there came a letter accepting her story and containing a check for $40. A short time after came a small express package with the story bound. With this, the first money which she ever earned, Mrs. Sangster bought "silverware," some of which she has yet.

It was not until after her marriage that Mrs.

Sangster made a profession of writing. She has now been writing for quite thirty years, and during this time has experienced none of that lack of success of which we so frequently hear in the field of authorship. In journalism, reviewing, and manuscript reading, as editor, author, and, above all, as poet—in all of these she has been successful. She is better known and loved by her "verses," as she terms them, than for any other work that goes to make up her literary personality.

The very name she bears gives evidence of what fate had in store for her. Will Carleton says of it: "There has always been a regret for me regarding the name of Margaret Sangster. Had 'Sangster' been 'Songster,' then would the name in every way characterize its fair possessor." It is a curious fact that Helen Keller, when introduced to Mrs. Sangster, repeated this same thought. "The name ought to be 'Songster,'" she said, showing that the music, as well as the message, had reached even this one, who "sees and hears with her soul."

In the Brooklyn home of this verse-writer one looked in vain for the cue to it all. We know how proverbial is lack of interest in the home and home cares of the literary woman as we find her in the story-book; but let it be said, first and foremost, that Mrs. Sangster is a model housewife. The sense of order and industry peculiar to the

ideal home reigns supreme with her. She does not say that a woman, busy in her chosen field of labor, does not neglect her home, but she says she need not do so. As she observes in her introduction to "On the Road Home," "east or west, home is best"; it should stand to the front in every woman's life. She is, she says, prouder of her "pie-crust" than of her "poetry."

One need only go once into her home to appreciate the ever-prevailing air of peace and restful silence that prevails there, the kind of silence which gives audience to the voice of the soul, the heart, and the mind—the three agents whose union is an absolute necessity to all success in the eyes of this woman, who is a real "queen" in this her own domain. To no one so much as to him who has seen Mrs. Sangster in her home does a real knowledge of her personality belong. All that is womanly in her unusual and delightful personality is at once evident at her fireside. Home-maker, poet, editor, all combine to make the hostess what she is, and as she rises to greet you in her low, gentle voice, you do not know which it is that appeals to you most, the writer of the helpful messages which you have read for years, or the woman that looks through the blue-gray eyes. Her hair, which is gray now, is rolled back from off her face in a way peculiar to herself, and has made her pict-

ure easy to identify. Her hands are gentle of touch and small and firm—very firm—which shows, as does also the determination in the face, the Scotch origin of their possessor. She listens with attention and studies with interest the faces of those to whom she talks. She is straightforward and sincere in conversation. The honesty with which she faces questions, either moral, intellectual, or social, is singularly marked. Her affiliation with the League for Social Service gives evidence of her interest in the reforms of the day. The object of the league is to educate public opinion and the popular conscience, from the enlightening and quickening of which must come every needed reform, whether moral, political, industrial, or social.

When questioned about her verses, her method in writing them, and as to their being suggested by fact or fancy, Mrs. Sangster smilingly said that they just "came floating to her." She is not particular when she writes whether silence exists or not, or whether anything other than the "muse" be whispering to her. That is sufficient to drown all else. It is a peculiar fact that so thoroughly has she trained herself, it is impossible for her to be interrupted. Should one come to her in the midst of her writing, she lays down her "thought" as she does her pen and resumes it at the end of the interruption. This she believes to be a matter of

training. She is never annoyed by conversation about her. She holds that by the power of concentration one should be protected from the encroachments of outward disturbances.

These two things, she says, "concentration and health"—these two—are the requisite elements in the woman who chooses journalism as a profession. Given that a woman or man has imagination and the "germ of the writing gift"—one cannot be a successful writer without this, a writer being born, not made—and add to this concentration and health, and there is nothing to stand in the way of success in this field. There are periods when Mrs. Sangster lets verse-writing entirely alone. Then, perhaps, some morning she will awaken with the gentle, persistent voice of the muse in her ear and begin to write, and perhaps will not stop for a week or more. She seldom changes a word, shaping and planning entirely before writing.

"Our Own," the best known of Mrs. Sangster's poems, was written one morning at the breakfast-table while she awaited the arrival of the family. This she published anonymously. It became a particular favorite, and a friend filled a book with clippings showing how it had been copied. After the conclusion of an address in one of our Western towns, not long since, Mrs. Sangster repeated "Our Own," ending with:

And we vex our own
With look and tone,
We might never bring back again.

And while repeating it she noticed that two people in the audience—a man and a woman—clasped hands. After the meeting was over they sought her, and said: "The little poem you have just repeated we cut out upon our wedding-day and have kept it and taken it everywhere with us in our married life. We did not know that you were its author." It was afterward revealed that the gentleman was Locke Richardson, the Shakespearean reader. "Are the Children at Home?" was written while Mrs. Sangster was in the South, and is another popular poem. It was accepted by *The Atlantic Monthly*, whose editor, W. D. Howells, at that time unknown to her, has since become a valued friend.

"The Help that Comes Too Late" was written in consequence of the struggle against fate of a friend whose health finally gave way as the result of discouragement. After his death a friend, coming to Mrs. Sangster, said: "Had I realized his need, I might have helped him." Mrs. Sangster said, "Do not tell his wife," for she felt that by timely aid this life might have been saved, and that help proffered now would be more than the stricken one could bear. And the pity and the

sympathy and the regret of it all she embodied in the little poem which has touched the hearts of all who have read it. "Sins of Omission," beginning,

> It isn't the thing you do, dear,
> It's the thing you leave undone,

is another favorite, particularly with her younger admirers. It was written without any particular object, "just to fill up space," and bids fair to do so, as it has been extensively copied and is frequently quoted.

Perhaps in nothing does Mrs. Sangster so readily reveal "heart power" as in her "Mother's Poem." "A Twilight Memory" refers to her own mother, whom she describes as being very like J. M. Barrie's Margaret Ogilvie, so much so that he would be especially valued by her for that story, had he written none of the others which have brought him so just a renown.

In Mrs. Sangster's library works of the standard authors are to be found. She has no care for special editions, but makes a particular "fad" of books of biography. These, she says, have always been of especial interest to her. Lives of men well known, ill known, or entirely unknown are all alike to her of absorbing interest. She does not care in the least for books of travel. Robert Browning is her favor-

ite poet. Christina Rossetti claims from her the first place so far as women poets are concerned.

Of the modern and more recent authors, J. M. Barrie, Ian Maclaren, and S. R. Crockett afford her great pleasure. Rudyard Kipling she considers to be the finest writer of short stories living. She thinks his poetry is marvellous, and admires its virility and strength. No author has given her pleasure to the extent of Mrs. Oliphant; she has read everything she has ever written. Augustine Birrell she thinks to be the best essayist of the day. She admires Frederic Harrison.

One of the interesting features of Mrs. Sangster's library is an old-fashioned clock rising from the floor almost to the ceiling. It is two hundred years old. In the drawing-room, just off the library, there stands a mahogany desk of exquisite workmanship, which falls just fifty years behind the clock in age. While Mrs. Sangster loves her library and the many books therein—but they are all over the house for that matter—she does the most of her writing in her own room, where she has her desk and the books which are her nearest friends. She has the poet's love for flowers, and mignonette is her favorite. She has great love for the mountains and a peculiar dislike for the sea-shore; the effect of the ocean upon her is such that she cannot be happy within the sound of its murmur. And because the

noise of the approaching trolley-cars suggest to her the noise of the ocean she finds the summer months particularly trying. He who enjoys the privilege of entering the home of Mrs. Margaret E. Sangster may congratulate himself upon having met one of the most womanly women in the field of literature to-day.

Ruth McEnery Stuart

In New York City

BY MRS. STUART

Born in Avoyelles Parish, Louisiana

A Golden Wedding and Other Tales.
Carlotta's Intended.
The Story of Babette.
Solomon Crow's Christmas Pockets.
In Simpkinsville.
Moriah's Mourning.
Sonny.
Holly and Pizen.

XVIII

Ruth McEnery Stuart

In New York City

WHEN you enter Mrs. Stuart's home, on West Fifty-sixth Street, New York, you are struck with the contrast between the drawing-room where she receives her friends and the library where she writes. The former reproduces, by means of quaint old furniture, something of the environment of that aristocratic life which was known in the ante-bellum South, while the latter contains only useful things, and shows how she has become part of a great, bustling, modern city.

It is often remarked that Southern writers lose the "atmosphere" of their stories when they come North. The fear of such a calamity is said to keep Joel Chandler Harris in the South, where he can breathe every day the air by which "Uncle Remus" lives. But Mrs. Stuart has kept her "atmosphere," because she has brought it with her and has caged it permanently in her Northern home. It is all but impossible to realize, when one is seated in her drawing-room, that she lives high up in an apartment house in the heart of New York. This large,

square room, filled with beautiful old mahogany furniture and polished brasses, that look as if they had been there a century, must surely be in some old Southern city—Richmond or Charleston perhaps, or New Orleans. You feel certain that if you went to the window you would look through bowed green Venetian blinds out on a luxuriant garden filled with roses and japonicas, oleanders and hibiscus, and warm, delicious sunshine.

The illusion is not dispelled, but confirmed, when the mistress of this room comes in—she seems so much a part of it all, with its old-time elegance, grace, dignity, and charm. She is truly Southern in appearance, with abundant wavy dark hair and dark eyes. Her gentle, hospitable ways are also "to the manner born."

She does not know why, but most people think she is from Virginia. Reading her work one would soon find out she is from New Orleans, perhaps the most characteristic of Southern cities, and the scene of many of her stories. The furniture of the whole apartment, except that of the library, was brought from her home in Louisiana, and, as one would have fancied, has been handed down from one generation to another for very many years. In her bedroom is a tremendous four-poster, exquisitely carved, and a great wardrobe that she probably called an "armoire" in New Orleans, its carved pillars sup-

porting the massive top. In the drawing-room are several old pier and card-tables, a handsome old secretary, and a high-backed curved-arm sofa that would have graced even Madame Recamier if she had reclined upon it. Everywhere, on the walls and tables and mantels, are photographs, engravings, and pictures of other kinds. One or two of these are the original drawings for some of the illustrations for her stories. Mrs. Stuart's hobby is her brasses. She has quite a fine, though small, collection of curious hammered copper vases, urns, and ewers, and old brass scuttles and candlesticks, which are rare and perfect specimens of this art.

Opening off this room is the little study, or library, where she does all her writing. The simple oak bookcases, the revolving desk-chair, and especially the very modern and utilitarian big roll-top desk and type-writer, bring one back to the fact that Mrs. Stuart is something else than a Southern woman. She is a writer whose stories of Southern life are every day more enjoyed and appreciated throughout the English-speaking world. Her negroes have always the genuine negro humor, which is generally unconscious, while her "po' white trash" are equally amusing and pathetic in their plentiful lack of humor. Her characters are real, and she touches the hearts of her readers because she writes from her own heart. She says she loves

these poor people, and has never cared to write of the higher classes because simple folk appeal to her more, with their kind and artless good-nature. Her sympathy is as strong as her sense of humor. What could be more pathetic and at the same time more ludicrous than poor, cross-eyed Steve's "Second Wooing of Salina Sue," or the monologues of Sonny's father?

Mrs. Stuart is a very busy woman always. The amount of work she accomplishes would break down many a strong man. She rises early and writes for an hour or so before breakfast, and after that meal writes steadily till luncheon. After luncheon she writes but little, if at all, as she generally goes out for exercise in the afternoon. At night she hardly ever writes, because if she does she finds it hard to sleep afterward. It sometimes happens that her mind is so full of the story she is writing that she cannot sleep until she works a little more before retiring, no matter how tired she may be. She could not write so much, for physical weariness, if she did not have the tremendous assistance of that prosaic machine, the type-writer, which has succeeded to the dominion of the swan quill and the gold pen.

Besides writing, Mrs. Stuart sometimes gives public readings from her stories and monologues. She is very successful in these, as she imitates the

darky dialect as perfectly with her tongue as with her pen. She goes only to those cities where she has been particularly invited, and where she knows she will have sympathetic audiences. She had just returned, when the writer saw her, from a rather extended trip of this kind, and was thoroughly tired out from the mental and physical strain. She was in town only for a few days, and would then go out into the country to some quiet place where she could rest for a few weeks and get fresh air and ride the wheel for exercise. She is very fond of the bicycle, and was longing for the opportunity of riding through country roads in the early spring days.

The reason she could write so sympathetically of the great love of Sonny's parents for their only child is because she herself is wrapped up in her son, an only child. She is both father and mother to him. He is worthy of her devotion, and repays it with the gentle consciousness of a Southern gentleman. He is a fine-looking, athletic young fellow, who has walked off with five prizes for which he competed in an athletic tournament.

Mrs. Stuart, as one would naturally expect, keeps only negro servants about her. She says that she could not have white ones because the negro is the only kind she is used to, and the only kind she could ever understand or manage. "I have no

doubt that white servants may be better and cleaner, and need less looking after," she says, "but I can't get accustomed to them. I need the negro."

The truth is, the negro servant gives to her far Northern home some of the familiar aspects of the old Southern scenes. She thus stays nearer to the South and its peculiar life, which are the sources of her inspiration. She feels as if New York were always to be her home, and she likes this city very much, but she cannot forget, nor does she want to forget for a moment, her strong love for her old home in that quaint city, New Orleans. In speaking of this feeling, she said:

"Whenever I hear a soft Southern voice in the cars or on the streets of New York it makes me homesick at once. It always makes me think of the old darky a friend of mine met one day in New York on the street. This friend, who is also a writer, and had just come from the South, was looking for the Astor Library, and could not find the right street. At last, seeing an old negro, she asked him if the library was not on the next block. He stopped and looked at her for a moment, and then said, slowly: 'No, ma'am, I dunno ef it's on de next block or no. I dunno say w'ere dat house is,' and then, as she turned to go, he called out after her: 'Lady, jes' lemme hear you say dem words once mo', please, ma'am, 'caze youse

de fus' pusson I seen in dis city dat talks jes' like I does.'

"My friend," Mrs. Stuart went on to say, "did not relish this criticism of her Southern accent, as she fancied she had got quite beyond such provincialism; but I told her that it was the finest compliment that could have been paid for her well-modulated speech, which still rang so true to the South that even the old darky recognized it."

And to hear Mrs. Stuart tell the story, giving the negro's words their rich Southern flavor, one can understand the sweetness of voices which charmed Thackeray and Matthew Arnold.

Writing stories is the greatest pleasure of Mrs. Stuart's life. She says there is no keener joy than to find a good story developing under her brain and hands. She hopes the time will never come when she would feel satisfied with her work after it is published, for then she knows there would be no hope for doing any better work. She is like Rabbi Ben Ezra in the hope that "The best is yet to be."

She has written a great many short stories, which have been published in the magazines. She prefers to be known chiefly as a writer of droll tales of our Southern peasantry. There are many other delineators of Southern life, but none of them, not even Joel Chandler Harris, understands the negroes as well as Mrs. Stuart. She knows and is able to

portray all their superstitions and ways of thought, as well as their manner of life, and she only can be compared to the author of "Uncle Remus." She is, indeed, his legitimate successor, with the addition of a keener sense of humor and a deeper pathos.

Mary E. Wilkins

In Randolph, Massachusetts

BY MISS WILKINS

Born in Randolph, Massachusetts

A Humble Romance and Other Stories.
A New England Nun.
Young Lucretia.
Jane Field.
Pembroke.
Madelon.
Giles Cory, Yeoman.
Jerome, a Poor Man.
Comfort Pease and Her Gold Ring.
In Colonial Days.
The Jamesons.
Understudies.

A Corner in Mary Wilkins's Home.

XIX

Mary E. Wilkins

In Randolph, Massachusetts

NOT so very long ago Mary E. Wilkins was exploited in the newspapers in a way that must have caused her a good deal of annoyance. She was about to be married to Dr. Freeman, of Metuchen, N. J., but, as her friends are well aware, she has a horror of notoriety. She desires to be allowed to pursue her work. Many reports about the circumstances attending her marriage were without foundation and ridiculous, but Miss Wilkins had the good sense and the dignity to pay no attention to them.

Ever since she made her first success she has been sought out by interviewers, but she quietly and firmly refused to talk for publication. All she has to say she says with her own pen and over her own signature. Of her work and her success she takes a common-sense view; she is ambitious and very happy in the rewards that have come to her in the way of friends and money. Meanwhile she has sufficient humor to endure the annoyances that have accompanied them. "Isn't it splendid," she said to a friend shortly after she began to prosper, "to think that I can have all the money I need, and

more, too? Why, I can go into a shop and order just the kind of a hat I want without thinking anything about it."

At this time Miss Wilkins, though her talent was unquestioned, had some curious limitations as a writer. A young New England writer, who began at about the same time she did and who also achieved an ephemeral popularity, said to her one day: "Oh, Mary, I think that I could get along ever so much better in my work if I only knew how to punctuate. How do you manage about that?" Miss Wilkins replied: "Well, I just begin a sentence and I go on till I come to a stop. Then I make a period and I begin all over again."

During the first few years of her success Miss Wilkins submitted to being lionized, and a most trying ordeal it must have been for her. It would be hard to imagine anyone less suited for such an experience. In late years she has gone about comparatively little, and during her visit to England three years ago, instead of allowing herself to be exploited by many English admirers, she chose to get about as the ordinary tourist does while travelling abroad.

It is not of Metuchen that this sketch shall speak, but of Randolph, Mass., for it was at Randolph that fame was won for Mary E. Wilkins. That pretty and pleasant village, something less

than a score of miles from Boston, contains the home of the most delicate and appreciative delineator of rural New England characters who has written within a generation. In the placidity of a little town she wove her stories, and from the clear air and sightly outlook over a part of picturesque Norfolk County she drew inspiration and the strength to work. Here and there, perhaps, she obtained a type to transfer to her pages, but not often, for the people her genius creates are no longer to be found even in the sleepy village to which she owes allegiance.

As one steps from the train into what he has translated the brakeman's shout to be Randolph he receives first impressions that are anything but promising. A well-spring of pure literature seems inconceivably far away. A bleak shoe-shop or two loom up from the dusty flatness. The road is ill-kempt and the straggling houses are cheap and hideous. But out to the east graceful spires pierce the sunny sky, and waving elm branches suggest better things. The real Randolph is over there, away from the noise and smoke of railroad traffic, and only faintly troubled by the whistle of locomotives.

After a short walk the literary pilgrim reaches the heart of the village. It is of the familiar country type, being one long street, stretching itself out

for over a mile, and lined with trees and gravel walks. Here are plenty of the good old square, flat-roofed houses of sixty years ago, some with grass-plots in front and some directly on the street. Many are adorned with pillars, speaking of former prosperity; all breathe an air of contentment and peace. To one just from the pent-up bricks of Boston this long double row of quaint dwellings is a gracious sight indeed. The few would-be modern shops that disfigure every village are in evidence, of course, but to atone for them there is a fine old square guarded by a town-hall of the rustic Doric style of architecture and a sprinkling of churches of the Sir Christopher Wren type of steeple.

Miss Wilkins was not herself a householder in Randolph. Having no family connections there, she for some time had rooms at the old mansion of John Wales, whose ancestors once owned most of the town. The house is perhaps half a mile from the region of stores. It is solidly square and comfortably large, as befits a farmhouse of a hundred years' standing. Its white paint and green blinds tell of thrift, and its quaint flower-garden in front, with its neat encircling fence and gate, betokens someone's artistic sense. There is a big barn in the rear, and back of that lie the smooth and fertile acres of the Wales farm.

To the northwest are the fine undulations of the

Milton Hills, those blue sentinels that seem to guard every part of Norfolk County. Swinging around to the south the smoke of Brockton's score of shoe factories fills the October air with haze. At the season when this visit was made everything was brown and gold, with occasional flashes of the dull scarlet from some stout maple whose vitality the frosts of autumn had not yet wholly subdued. The Wales house is almost the last in the thickly settled portion on its side of the road. Across the way are clustering dwellings of no particular style, and behind them on a hillock a huge iron water-tower, that certainly does not adorn the landscape. Truth to tell, the more picturesque part of Randolph is down at the opposite end of the single street, "down t' the Baptist," as the odd expression is, giving the name of the dominant church to the special locality.

Once inside the Wales homestead one saw at a glance the influence of books. Miss Wilkins assured her visitor that she had no home, but a home atmosphere pervaded the roomy parlor, and she who received you in it seemed a part of her surroundings. Of course it was difficult for a stranger to differentiate between her belongings and those of the family, but the new books and the photographs of literary lights on the antique mahogany table must have been hers, while the excellent pictures

scattered about the walls hinted at her suggestion, if nothing more. Here was the modern spirit of literature in a dwelling a century old.

The author of "Jerome" was a most cordial hostess. The stranger within her gates was made to feel that he had wandered to a friendly place. If he were a book man, so much the better; if not, she would have taken any subject he might offer and handle it deftly and with entertaining comment. Upon this visit the talk ranged from ancient New England customs to the Boston visit of Anthony Hope, whom Miss Wilkins found a very agreeable gentleman of the best English type. Her sense of humor is keen and active, and it is scarcely necessary to say that there is no trace of the traditional blue stocking in her make-up. She chats of books and authors with delicate and penetrating comprehension, but there is one writer whom she does not like to discuss, of whose success she will not speak, and that writer is Mary Wilkins.

Her literary workshop? She had none at Randolph, at least no special place that could be so called, for she wrote wherever the mood seized her, in any room and on any table—or even on a pad held on her knees. So the whole house was more or less sacred to her muse. There was at that time no extended work of fiction under way at Randolph, but Miss Wilkins felt that she must soon begin one.

After a year, in which both "Madelon" and "Jerome" had been written, she had been giving herself a bit of rest. But the habit of work, she said, was strong upon her, and idleness was not for long.

Society in Randolph is a rather negative quality, and Miss Wilkins found her social recreation in numerous trips to Boston, where she has many warm friends. She was to be seen at the theatres occasionally when some particularly good thing was holding the boards. She disliked to be lionized, but at times this process was not to be escaped.

Randolph boasts of a Woman's Literary Club, the second to Sorosis in point of age in the country, but Miss Wilkins was not a member, nor did she take active interest in any of the minor organizations of the village; she could not do it, she said, and still give her best time and thought to her chosen work. That the world of letters is better for this must be clear to him who can understand and appreciate the exquisite care with which all her stories have been penned.

Julia Ward Howe

In Boston and Newport

BY MRS. HOWE

Born in New York City

The Battle Hymn of the Republic.
Passion Flowers.
The World's Own.
From the Oak to the Olive.
A Memoir of Samuel G. Howe.
Later Lyrics.
A Memoir of Margaret Fuller.
Is Polite Society Polite?
Reminiscences.

Mrs. Howe's Home Near Newport.

XX

Julia Ward Howe

In Boston and Newport

MRS. HOWE in late years has had two homes, one in Boston and one in Newport. Both have been centres of hospitality and social reunion. In Boston Mrs. Howe has long been a conspicuous literary and social celebrity. She used to tell a good story against herself of a Far Westerner, who, in coming to Boston, said he wanted "to see Bunker Hill Monument, the State House, the insane asylum, and Julia Ward Howe." Of course he probably meant that he wished to see the blind, deaf, and dumb asylum where Dr. Howe had gained his celebrity as a philanthropist. The great and good work he was doing had assisted to make his gifted wife a noted character. She was quite well worth seeing, even in those early days, before her remarkable talents had given her an enviable place as poet, thinker, and public speaker.

Mr. Ward, her father, must have been a far-seeing man, much in advance of his age in the matter of higher education for women. He took into his house the learned Dr. Cogswell to teach his daughters the whole curriculum of a Harvard

student, a thing then most unknown, and Silvio Pellico, the Italian exile, author of "Mia Prigioni," taught them Italian. The natural gifts of the oldest pupil, Julia, always commanded Mr. Cogswell's admiration. He was never tired of talking to her down to the day of his death. Newspapers in those days were full of the young American, Dr. Howe, who, like Lord Byron, had gone to fight for the Greeks against the Turks. He had come home almost as famous in America as Lord Byron was in England. It was unanimously decided by New York society that no one was good enough for him but the fair and learned Julia Ward, of Bond Street. I was once permitted to see an old journal kept by one of the Misses Hamilton, which gave, in these words, the current gossip of the day:

"Walked down Broadway with all the fashion and met the pretty blue-stocking, Miss Julia Ward, with her admirer, Dr. Howe, just home from Europe. She had on a blue-satin cloak and a white-muslin dress. I looked to see if she had on blue stockings, but I think not. I suspect that her stockings were pink, and she wore low slippers, as Grandmamma does. They say she dreams in Italian and quotes French verses. She sang very prettily at a party last evening, and accompanied herself on the piano. I noticed how white her hands were. Still, though attractive, the muse is not handsome."

This truly feminine bit of journalism would accord with Mrs. Howe's description of herself when she said she had left her sisters "to do all the beauty for her." When Dr. Howe took his New York bride to Boston it was rumored that she found the famous Athens of America rather dull and barren. Indeed, the old gossips used to tell a story to the effect that when the doctor, taking his wife to walk one evening, pointed out the Charitable Eye and Ear Infirmary to her, she answered: "Indeed! I did not know that there was a charitable eye or ear in Boston."

She objected to living at the asylum where the doctor was beginning his life-work of making sensible people out of idiots. She declared that she was afraid of idiots and could not stand daily intercourse with them. Dr. Howe soon gave her a home for herself, where, at South Boston, she began those salons which continued for long years afterward. The Boston of that day was all intellect. Prescott and Motley were just beginning their life-work, Longfellow his, and Charles Sumner his. In the churches, James Freeman Clarke, Theodore Parker, Dr. Bartol, and John Weiss were preaching. Washington Allston was painting away at "Belshazzar's Feast," and the "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table" had not even begun to be funny, except in a very small way. Mr. Tick-

nor was thinking over Spanish literature. Everyone was reading Dana's "Two Years Before the Mast." Margaret Fuller was holding her conversations in a plain little parlor. Fannie Ellsler was dancing from the top stone of Bunker Hill Monument. Ralph Waldo Emerson was making orphic utterances and beginning to be a lecturer. Wendell Phillips was making those abolition speeches which were destined to aid in revolutionizing the United States.

Mrs. Howe's first literary reputation was made on her return from Europe by the publication of a volume of verse, which contained, among other beautiful things, some lines to a Roman nightingale. But she was already known as a wit and conversationalist. She, of all women I have ever known, has most completely reduced conversation to a fine art. With her culture and beautiful elocution she has always mixed with it so much humor and humanity that her talk has never been above the heads of the humblest listeners.

Her humor is delicious. She has a keen sense of the ridiculous and avoids "orphic sayings." On one occasion a lady in Newport, trying to get a fine sentiment out of her, said to her, one moonlight evening on her vine-hung veranda: "Mrs. Howe, do say something lovely about my piazza." Whereupon everyone listened for the reply. That deli-

cately cultivated voice then responded, "I think it is a bully piaz"—which bit of slang was very much appreciated by those sensitive souls who feel the cold perspiration break out all over them when they fear that somebody is to "make a speech." Her repartees are still famous. On going to Charles Sumner to secure help for a runaway negro she met with refusal. "I no longer care for the individual," said he, "I am only interested in the race." To which Mrs. Howe responded: "I am glad that God Almighty has not got quite so far as that yet."

Differing essentially with President Eliot of Harvard on the woman question, she made pungent retorts to the learned and impressive scholar. Dr. Holmes, having a cold, once insisted on going to a public meeting where Mrs. Howe was to speak, and on his wife's remonstrating with him as to the imprudence of venturing forth, he said: "Oh, I must go to hear Mrs. Howe lay out Charles Eliot cold." This band of wits and old friends said sharp things in those days without irritating each other, and it was great fun to listen to them. Mrs. Howe was one of the first abolitionists and one of the very first to found women's clubs, to speak in public, and to argue for female suffrage and higher education.

Meantime her home was filling up with beautiful

daughters, who have made for themselves distinguished names. Dr. and Mrs. Howe are the only very celebrated couple I have ever known who have been so fortunate in their children as to leave on them an impress of what was noblest in themselves. Julia Romana, the oldest daughter, born in Rome, was the most exquisite of women, and the most unselfish. She married a young Greek, Anaguix, one of Dr. Howe's rescued children, with whom she taught the blind, deaf, and dumb from choice, and on their marriage these two handsome young people found no wedding journey so attractive as to travel with these poor, bereaved people. She so well taught a deaf and dumb man German that she enabled him to travel through Germany alone. She would read Shakespeare to Laura Bridgman on her sensitive hand by means of her own perfect fingers. She died young, at her post, leaving a sort of fame like that of St. Rosalie, who left the world at Palermo—

> Beloved of all the youth of Palermo,
> St. Rosalie, retired to God.

I had the honor and pleasure of once visiting the blind with Mrs. Howe and lunching with her. Afterward she allowed me to see her "children," as she called three hundred blind people to whom she was giving back their lost sense. She opened a world to them, and perhaps it was a better world

than the one they would have seen had God removed the cloud which covered their visual orbs. Florence, the next daughter, famous for her musical gifts, married Mr. Hall, and followed her mother as author and public speaker. She is more like her mother in appearance than any of the others. The third daughter, Laura, married Mr. Richards, of Maine, and became the author of many stories and children's books. This lady was renowned for beauty.

Maud Howe made for herself a name in literature when very young by writing "A Newport Aquarelle," in which she gave a somewhat quizzical picture of her famous relative, Ward McAllister. She married John Eliot, an artist, in Rome. Mrs. Eliot has given lectures and has written for the London and Chicago papers. The first time that I was permitted to see Mrs. Howe "at home" was as the guest of this youngest daughter.

Mr. Marion Crawford was also their guest, and had the manuscript of "Mr. Isaacs" in his desk. They were all so bright and witty, and the company, embracing all that was fashionable and attractive in Boston, made the afternoon tea and little dinner most memorable to me. Mrs. Howe had the misfortune to break her leg while I was with her. Then I had the pleasure of seeing how she was adored by the Boston women of her par-

ticular clientele, whose flowers came in perpetual tributes.

Mrs. Howe has always lived much in the eye of the world—a scholar and a thinker. She has also been fond of society, a great diner-out, and a leader of the literary coterie of Boston, which included the foremost minds in America. A deep religious vein in her character has led her much into the society of the clergy, and her Bible studies seemed to me to form a part of every morning's work. I noticed that a large Bible always lay open on a table in her bedroom. I dare say she could read the Scriptures in Hebrew. Dr. Howe had taught her Greek, and she once, in Athens, in returning thanks in the college which he had founded, used most excellent modern Greek to those embarrassed students who had not yet mastered the English tongue, the language of their benefactor.

I saw Dr. Howe only once, and that was at a "blue tea" which Mrs. Howe gave to me at her cottage, seven miles from Newport, just before his death. He was a very handsome man, with eyes of a peculiar blue, and very intense. His youngest daughter inherited these eyes. He was nervous and ill at the time, and I could only judge what he must have been—one of the most attractive and useful men of his generation. They had only one son, Henry Howe, who made his mark as a scientist.

Through Miss Maud Howe I had the pleasure of knowing her gifted and eccentric uncle, "Sam Ward of the Lobby." She loved him very much, and he was indeed lovable and delightful. He "looked at life in an oblique way," as his sister said. He was a "gourmet" to a degree. He came to dine with me once, bringing a piece of Gorgonzola cheese and a bunch of moss rosebuds. This act does more justice to his character than could pages of description. He was poet and man of the world. Of her two homes, Mrs. Howe, as I knew her, was most herself, most tranquil, and most charming at the Newport cottage. There, in her plain, simple style, she entertained many a distinguished stranger who came to this country. There she wrote her poem of the "Flag," which I once heard her read at a meeting of the Authors' Club, with her transcendent elocution. I forget when she wrote her most world-renowned lines, "The Battle Hymn of the Republic." They dropped from her perhaps in her sleep—no matter where.

Often called eccentric, a name which does not trouble her, she has pursued the train of thought and the course of action which seemed good to her without shadow of fear. Her self-possession is perfect, and she has been blessed with far more than the usual share of good health. Long journeys to the West to talk on woman's suffrage, long trips

to New Orleans to organize a colored school or preside at a fair, have left her quite unmoved. Fifteen years ago she took her youngest daughter all over Europe and to Egypt and the Holy Land, making the journey from Joppa on horseback, and undergoing fatigues from which her young companion shrank.

When Julia Ward left Bond Street she left luxury behind her, for Dr. Howe thought every dollar not spent for suffering humanity was misspent, and she seemed to agree with him. She probably never cared much for dress or for showy entertainments. It was her pleasure to initiate at Newport the Town and Country Club, which became a great boon to visitors at the City of the Sea, so devoted to amusement, gorgeous balls, and grand dinners. It furnished once a fortnight some literary entertainment for the more quiet and reflective citizens and those "who do not dance." I have seen at Mrs. Howe's cottage the road filled with carriages and showy horses, which had brought the fashion out from the town to hear, first, Mrs. Howe herself speak, and then to listen to clever papers from the choicest scholars of Boston.

Jeannette L. Gilder

In New York City

BY MISS GILDER

Born in Flushing, Long Island, New York

Taken by Siege.
The Autobiography of a Tomboy.
Essays from *The Critic* [Editor of].
Representative Poems of Living Poets [Editor of].
[Editor of *The Critic* from the Beginning, and still its Editor.]

Miss Gilder at Her Desk at Home.

XXI

Jeannette L. Gilder

In New York City

AT ten years of age Jeannette Leonard Gilder read Franklin's autobiography and made up her mind to be a printer. The steps to the goal have been cut out of odds and ends of material that did not match, but an unswerving and coherent purpose has fitted them so solidly into each other that the public who gratefully claim a large part of Miss Gilder as their own are fain to discern a homogeneous plan in the accidents and obstacles out of which she has wrested the rounded, wholesome life active among us today. This wholesomeness and activity are characteristic of the woman as well as her work. She takes herself simply and unaffectedly, with a most delightful unconsciousness that her success is anything more than a logical fulfilment of the laws of temperament and heredity.

"Printer's ink ran in our veins instead of blood. I did not choose a profession, a profession chose me—I might almost say before I was born, for not long ago, when rummaging in the attic in our old home at Bordentown, I came upon *The Literary Register and Review of Books and Schools,* a faded

sheet of almost the same size and typographical appearance as *The Critic* when it was a weekly, and edited in Philadelphia by my father, who, until then, I did not know had ever edited a paper of his own."

Mr. Gilder died in the army, and almost immediately after the war the founder and co-editor of *The Critic* made her first essay in literary work. Mr. John Y. Foster engaged her at $10 a week to go every day to the Adjutant-General's office in Trenton and collect material for his "History of the New Jersey Troops During the War." This work lasted only six months, but she remained with the Adjutant-General for six months more working on the records. Her next employment was in the Philadelphia Mint, where she went nominally to weigh gold, but practically to make bags for the gold.

"I really did neither. The women at work discovered that I could whistle, sing, and spin yarns, so they made my share of the bags while I whistled, sang, and spun yarns for them."

At the end of a month she applied for the yearly vacation of a month, frankly telling the superintendent before accepting the vacation payment that she might not return. His answer was to hand her the $40, saying, "I guess the Government can afford that much if you don't come back."

She did not. Mr. Richard Watson Gilder was

at that time on the Newark *Daily Advertiser.* " He sent home half his salary and paid out the other half for board, until, it occurring to him that we might as well have the benefit of the whole, we moved to Newark. Here I went into an accountant's office. Now, I never could add up a column of figures correctly, so I don't know what I trusted to when I accepted the position, unless it was to luck. However, I stayed there for six months, and my work was faultlessly done. Not by me, however. There happened to be in the office a young fellow who could add up several columns of figures at a time and who had a love of music and a defective ear. I taught him to whistle all the popular airs and he did my work."

It was soon after this that Miss Gilder began the career in which she has won distinction by the quality of her work and for having kept her ideals of achievement " free from contagion of the world's slow stain." *The Critic* stands to-day for the high impartiality, the scrupulous adherence to the unwritten as well as written canons of her profession, and the steadfast pursuit of literature for literary, as distinct from commercial, ends that have dominated Jeannette Gilder from the time when, a girl of seventeen, she worked on the *Newark Register,* a morning paper founded by her brother, Richard Watson Gilder, and R. Newton Crane, and was

reporter from Newark for *The Tribune* on a salary of $12 a week. Owing to a habit of signing her initials, instead of her full name, she reported for *The Tribune* for three years before Whitelaw Reid discovered she was a woman.

"Then he 'bounced' me, because he couldn't trust a woman—even one who had done the work satisfactorily for three years without his discovering that she was a woman—to do the work satisfactorily. I now decided to try for purely literary work, and, carrying a letter of introduction from the late Kate Field, went to James Gordon Bennett and asked for book-reviewing on *The Herald*. He told me to send him something original in the way of reviews. I went home, talked the matter over with Kate Field, and the next week submitted the first number of the 'Chats About Books' that afterward achieved the prominence and popularity of being burlesqued. I was immediately put on *The Herald* with a salary of $30 a week—afterward increased, for space work, to $100."

In the meantime Miss Gilder edited "The Homes and Haunts of Our Elder Poets" for Messrs. D. Appleton & Co. It was with the $750 she received for this book that she and Mr. Joseph B. Gilder brought out the first number of *The Critic* in a little office over Daniel's dry goods store at Eighth Street and Broadway. Mr. Gilder gave

up the position of night city editor on *The Herald* to become the desk editor, while Miss Gilder got the advertisements, collected the literary news, and in a general way did the out-of-doors work. All sorts of things went wrong with the printing and arrangement of the first number—it was bare of editors and address—but its literary quality was assured by such contributors as Edmund C. Stedman, Emma Lazarus, Sidney Howard Gay, Paul Potter, and Charles de Kay. In the second issue appeared the first of a series of papers on nature, by Walt Whitman, entitled "How I Get Around at Sixty and Take Notes," and, almost immediately afterward, the first instalment of Joel Chandler Harris's "Nights with Uncle Remus." Marion Crawford wrote poems and essays for *The Critic* before he was generally known; James Lane Allen was another contributor of various papers before he had done anything in the way of fiction, and H. H. was a constant contributor.

"Before the second number was off the press the $750 was gone. Then Joe confessed to having $1,000 in bank. The fourth edition exhausted this, and we decided to give up the paper. 'They may laugh,' I said, 'I suppose they will, but we shall close without owing a dollar; so if we can't enjoy the laugh we sha'n't be afraid or ashamed of it.' But it is not easy to give up the aim of a whole life.

That night I thought of a friend who had money, a warm heart, and literary loves and ambitions. I took my courage in both hands and went to him with a frank statement of the situation. The result was that he lent us $5,000—upon the unbusiness basis that we should not return it if we did not succeed—and became a stockholder in *The Critic.*"

The next epoch in the history of *The Critic* was its consolidation with *Good Literature*—owned by Taintor Brothers, Merrill & Co.—under the title *The Critic and Good Literature.* When Taintor Brothers, Merrill & Co. dissolved partnership, *The Critic and Good Literature* was incorporated as "The Critic Company," with Charles E. Merrill as president. A few years later a new company was formed, with Norman F. Cross as president, to buy out Mr. Merrill's interest. Miss and Mr. Gilder continued as editors, and, being large stockholders, were officers of the new company as well. Four years ago Mr. Gilder became literary adviser of the publishing department of the Century Company, and Miss Gilder was left sole editor with, however, the benefit of her brother's valuable counsel. Mr. Gilder has since gone to London to live as the European representative of Messrs. Dodd, Mead & Co., and can only help by "absent treatment," not always the most practical in editorial work. Miss Gilder spends her long vacations in Europe, and

finds the change a stimulating one both physically and mentally.

Miss Gilder's work has not been restricted to that of a newspaper woman and literary editor. In 1886 she published, anonymously, in *Lippincott's Magazine,* "Taken by Siege," which was afterward published anonymously in book form, then syndicated, still anonymously, and eleven years later published over her own name by Charles Scribner's Sons. She has also had a number of plays produced since the Chestnut Street Theatre, in Philadelphia, brought out "Quits." "The Tomboy," brought out three years ago by Doubleday, Page & Co., is autobiographical. The sequel she has been asked to write—"The Tomboy at Work"—will cover a record of energetic effort beginning not long after she left the beautiful old place at Flushing, L. I., where she was born and where her father, Mr. William H. Gilder, of Philadelphia, carried on, with the wise co-operation of his wife (Miss Jane Nutt, of New Jersey), the school for girls at which many of the Harpers' daughters and relatives were educated. The editor of *The Critic* dwells upon school vacations with the retrospective pleasure of a woman who for nineteen years never had more than two consecutive days of holiday. Her first real leisure was when, in 1886, she went abroad for three months.

Jeannette Gilder's achievement in the world of critical literature bulks large not only in its quantity, but in the influence it has had upon American literature and in the position it holds in England. And yet the woman herself is more interesting than either the author or the editor, for the woman reveals unconsciously the pith and marrow of her work—breadth and sanity of view, singleness of purpose, a generous eagerness to claim for others a share in her success, and the dignity that roots in much feeling for the rest of the world and little thought of self. The study in which she writes, reads, and receives her friends is characteristic. There are books and pictures, a desk suggestively full and open, a blazing fire that lights up autograph portraits of distinguished men and women, and copies from the old masters, and, over all, the atmosphere of a life given up to the pursuit which Robert Louis Stevenson says means the putting down of the base and trivial in an unresting striving for the highest.

Edith Wharton

In New York City

BY MRS. WHARTON

Born in New York City

The Greater Inclination.
The Touchstone.
Crucial Instances.
The Valley of Decision.

Edith Wharton.

XXII

Edith Wharton

In New York City

IN 1891 Edith Wharton was known only to a limited and exclusive society; to-day she stands in the foremost rank of the men and women who are making the literary history of America. Whatever else may be said of her work, it has, beyond question, the distinction which is one of the qualities that makes artistic achievement imperishable. Whether she possesses the other essential—the warm, full pulse of uncounted human emotion that strikes an answering beat in the universal heart—is a point of contest between those who condemn her as the too literary disciple of Henry James and those who are rapidly forming a cult of which she is the central figure. The growth of this cult may be watched month by month in the magazines that stand for literary art as well as literary amusement, and, while owing its inception to Henry James, has rooted, branched, and flowered into a fecund, individual organism.

An assiduous and a sensitive ear to the intellectual power of word relation and word suggestion, vividness of visualization, chastity of artistic conception and artistic expression, and analysis refined almost

to attenuation are the qualities that Mr. James and Mrs. Wharton have in common. What draws a widely individualizing line between them is choice of motive and the method of handling it. Mr. James is elaborately indirect, Mrs. Wharton elaborately direct. The first pages of Mr. James's story are devoted to obscuring or concealing the motive which the last pages sometimes fail to discover; from the beginning Mrs. Wharton's motive is made clear with the delicacy, intricacy, and finish of a Chinese carving in ivory. Reading Mr. James is like trying to follow the clew of a labyrinth whose exit leaves you still puzzling over the entrance and far from sure that you are out of the tangle. Reading Mrs. Wharton is like strolling through a garden whose farthest reaches of color and grouping compose with exquisite inevitableness into the opening vista. The essential character of Mr. James's motive, since his transition from the vigorous promise and achievement of "Roderick Hudson" and "The Portrait of a Lady" into the over-ripe maturity of "The Sacred Fount" and "The Wings of a Dove," is its aloofness from the thrill of life felt in the human grasp of the obvious and accustomed. On the other hand, there is not a story in "The Greater Inclination" or "Crucial Instances" which may not find a parallel in the incommunicable human experience breathing around

us to-day; and this will be equally true when "to-day" means the day of future generations.

The force of this parallel is also its limitation—it runs lip to lip with the voice of social, literary, and artistic culture. For Mrs. Wharton belongs to that small and exclusive chapter of artists who have achieved without the accepted incentives to achievement. In one sense born to the place she has made her own in creative art, in another she has won it from the inaccessible seclusion of wealth and social position—she is wholly without the knowledge of life learned through study of the sordid and brutal face it turns upon those who struggle with "the meanness of opportunity" or are intimate with the clamoring needs of the body. A sentence in the opening paragraph of "The Muse's Tragedy" epitomizes the tonal quality of her work and the impression left by her personality: ". . . she's like one of those old prints where the lines have the value of color." Artistic and social distinction are stamped ineffaceably upon the woman and the author.

Italy is the land of her love, and her stories of Italian life and records of travel in Italy are "seethed in the milk" of Italian history, art, and literature. She knows her Italy so intimately that she has forgotten—and makes her readers forget—that she learned it. "The Valley of Decision"

marks her escape into the freedom of a simpler manner and larger issues through that rare gift—historic imagination. The author has clothed the dry bones of dead problems and conditions with the flesh and blood of their day and generation, and brought them, detached and remote, full-breathing their own moment of existence, into the precincts of sympathetic memory. The book rises above the conventional phrases of "local color and atmosphere." In it Mrs. Wharton evinces gifts of construction, of selection and co-ordination, not less striking than her power to apprehend and present a motive, a psychological situation, a movement of the soul; and in it, also, she tantalizes and disappoints her readers by the omissions characterizing everything she writes—omissions springing partly from the circumstances of her environment, partly from temperament, and partly from her mastery of words. Words are so plastic beneath her fingers that they tempt her into playing with them; subtility of expression rarifies the nerves and tendons of life; her characters are studies in character rather than real men and women. She, with her readers, stands on their outskirts, interested in the relation of circumstance to soul instead of what quickens the actual drama of life—the relation of the individual soul to the individual circumstance. Intellectual processes seem to have sealed up instead

of divined the life-blood of creative art. One has the feeling that she never forgets herself or her tools in her creations, and justifies her aloofness by becoming part of it.

Mrs. Wharton's first published work, "Mrs. Mansty's View," a short story, appeared in *Scribner's Magazine,* 1891. Since then she has been an indefatigable and versatile worker. Besides "The Touchstone"—in which she reaches her highest emotional level—and "The Valley of Decision," she has published short stories, poems, and miscellaneous articles, all marked with the literary breeding, the insight, the clarity of diction that make for permanency. Mrs. Wharton is a daughter of George Frederick Jones and Lucretia Stevens Rhinelander. She was born in New York; her husband, Edward Wharton, is a native of Boston. Their homes in New York and Lenox breathe the influence of intellectual and artistic beauty springing from inherited culture and eclectic and discriminating taste and training.

Gertrude Atherton

In New York City

BY MRS. ATHERTON

Born in San Francisco, California

Before the Gringo Came.
A Whirl Asunder.
Patience Sparhawk and Her Times
His Fortunate Grace.
American Wives and English Husbands.
The Californians.
Senator North.
The Conqueror.

Gertrude Atherton.

XXIII

Gertrude Atherton

In New York City

"BUT I have no home," Mrs. Atherton said, "I am a wanderer upon the face of the earth. The necessity to settle down would, I think, actually affect my brain. Some time ago I leased an apartment, but for several days was made quite wretched by the idea that I had committed myself to stay in one place for a year. Freedom is, or at least should be, essential to any artist, and freedom is to be found only through an open mind and a wide and varying horizon."

This sentence epitomizes Mrs. Atherton's personality and her intellectual trend both as an essayist and a novelist, the three so interlacing that it is difficult to separate the woman from the author. "Patience Sparhawk," "The Californians," "The Daughter of the Vine," "American Wives and English Husbands," "Senator North," "The Aristocrats," "The Conqueror," and "The Splendid Idle Forties" are alive with the temperament, the interest in different motives and questions, the cosmopolitan receptivity to impression and suggestion, the cosmopolitan readiness to seize and assimilate con-

trasting phases of modern living as well as modern life that make Mrs. Atherton as entertaining as her books. Though, as her earlier work indicates, she was born, brought up, and educated in San Francisco, she has spent much of her time abroad. Indeed, it was in England that she first received distinguished recognition as a writer. But long before this, when a girl of twelve or fourteen, she planned the scheme of life that she had so successfully worked out.

"When I was almost a child," she said, "I made up my mind to be a writer—that nothing else was really worth while—and I have never wavered either in my ideals or their pursuit. I wrote stories when a child, a play when I was still at school, and soon after my marriage—which, by the way, was one of the most important incidents of my school-life—my first novel, 'What Dreams May Come.' It was great trash. I could not read it now, but I was so delighted with having written a book that I rewrote it every time it came from the publishers —seven times, I think."

Mrs. Atherton has little patience with a deliberate search for material, but she believes that constant change of scene and association affords the best stimulus to creative work. To this end she is a traveller, and has been a sojourner in many lands. More than one of her novels was written in Eng-

land, "American Wives and English Husbands" in Rouen, "Senator North" at Bruges, "The Conqueror" in New York.

The rapid movement and diversity of scene characterizing the author's novels are in keeping with her methods of work: "Senator North" was written in ten weeks, "The Conqueror" in seven months. Mrs. Atherton spent a winter in Washington before writing the former. When congratulated upon having caught "the very moral" of the Senate chamber in the chapter containing Senator North's speech on the Cuban War, she said: "I ought to be familiar with the proceedings of the House and Senate—I went there nearly every day for three months. No, I did not originally intend to make the Cuban War the setting for my story. It worked up to that period, and I then read the 'Congressional Records' of that session."

It is the author's interest in political history which led to the writing of her latest and, perhaps, strongest novel, though she herself insists that "The Conqueror" is dramatized biography, not a novel. Its foundations are laid in exhaustive study of American history, politics, and biography, and of the historical, political, and social conditions of Nevis, St. Kitts, and St. Croix at the time of Hamilton's birth and during his life there, of his family on both sides of the house, and of the islands them-

selves. Mrs. Atherton's attitude to her work is happily illustrated by a half-jesting remark about this particular book: "As I wrote on my interest in Hamilton became so strong, so maternal, that I could not bear to part from him. In fact, I rewrote the last chapters three or four times before I could bring myself to sever the relation between us."

"My style is all my own," she said, in answer to a question about her magazine work, "and not the result of magazine training—which stamps the work of every other writer of the first class in the country. I used to regret that the magazines would not have me, but now I am very glad; for good or ill, I stand alone."

Though she goes out socially between books, the author of "The Conqueror" is happiest shut off from the world with her pen. When writing, she works all day except during the hours allotted to meals and exercise, and sleeps all night. The suggestion, inspiration—whichever may be the proper term—of a story comes to her usually through the characters who are to figure in a certain situation. Incidents follow of themselves, as it were, the author not always knowing what will happen next or what will be the end. Toward the last she often writes at night, spurred on by the cumulative interest of the final drama.

The notes for this sketch were taken with the

pen—made from a Nevis lime-tree—with which she corrected the proofs of "The Conqueror," and the ink dipped from a curious and beautiful inkstand of Russian silver and black enamel given to her to use in writing "Senator North." As a matter of fact, her first as well as last copy is made on the type-writer—the first very rapidly, with scarcely an erasion; the polishing and refining are done later.

Just now she has in view a play of which the hero is Hamilton. This, however, is the only point of resemblance between "The Conqueror" and the drama which will extend still further the versatility that is one of Mrs. Atherton's marked traits. "The idea came to me one night, and when I awoke the next morning two acts were waiting to be put into concrete form."

Mrs. Atherton's attitude to publishers is that of the author to whom writing has meant pecuniary success as well as literary distinction. "I have found that a writer may safely trust to the fairness and generosity of reputable publishers, but the adjective means everything."

Her mother, Gertrude Franklin, was a grandniece of Benjamin Franklin and a Southern woman; her father, Thomas L. Horn, a prominent citizen of San Francisco, originally from Stonington, Conn.; and people interested in tracing the influence of

heredity and of opposing characteristics in union will find in her writings and in herself a picturesque blending of the energetic North and West and the tropical South. In spite of the somewhat masculine note of her work she is essentially feminine.

Mary Mapes Dodge
In New York City

BY MRS. DODGE

Born in New York City

The Irvington Stories.
Hans Brinker.
Rhymes and Jingles.
A Few Friends.
Donald and Dorothy.
Along the Way.
The Land of Pluck.

Mrs. Dodge's Desk at Home.

XXIV

Mary Mapes Dodge

In New York City

IT is a far cry from "Harry and Lucy" to "Hans Brinker; or, The Silver Skates," from Maria Edgeworth to Mary Mapes Dodge, and one that runs the whole gamut of literary expression separating conventional instruction, mental and moral, put into the mouths of conventional children who speak conventional English and do the conventional thing in the conventional situation, and flesh-and-blood children whose end you must learn as soon as you know their beginning, and whose minds and morals you forget in the interest of themselves and their story. In other words, Miss Edgeworth wrote theoretically about children; Mrs. Dodge interprets childhood. She crystallized in a casual sentence or two one day the open sesame to the domain she has made her own. "The child's world is a different world, a preparatory world, a world that is coming on. You must build yourself around the humanity of childhood." And again, "The natural thing is the thing that grasps a child in literature as well as in life."

To separate the woman in her home from the editor at her desk or the author in her study would

be impossible — happy endeavor and love given largely and actively bind into a unified whole a life of versatile expression and achievement. Underlying a style of spontaneous charm, and going hand in hand with humor whose keenest thrusts leave no sting, are intellectual integrity, delight in discovering and acknowledging in others gifts of mind or spirit, responsiveness, a quickness to feel and believe as buoyant as if her energies had not been claimed by an absorbing profession, and a serene and joyous outlook undimmed by much knowledge of the world gained by living in the midst of its ambitions and activities. Mrs. Dodge's first published article, "Shoddy Aristocracy in America," and the manner of its publication, were as much the outcome of her susceptibility to the human, as well as the literary, appeal of life as to her sense of humor and instinct for artistic expression. Because it was based upon personal observation the article was sent to *The Cornhill Magazine,* of London, as a publication safely removed from the comedy and the actors it presented. By return post she received a draft for £50 and a request from *The Cornhill* for a series of papers. To Mrs. Dodge's amazement the article was reprinted in whole or in part by many of the leading newspapers in the United States.

Her first short story, "My Mysterious Enemy," was promptly accepted by *Harper's Magazine,* and

"The Insanity of Cain," a brilliant piece of special pleading, and one of her most characteristic essays in the humorous or satirical vein, attained instant popularity at the time of its publication in *Scribner's Monthly*. This article grew out of a remark to Mr. Roswell Smith when Mrs. Dodge and he were discussing the recent acquittal of a criminal on the plea of emotional insanity.

"They will be saying next that Cain was insane," Mrs. Dodge said, jestingly.

"What a subject for an article," he exclaimed. "Won't you write it for us, at once?"

"Miss Malony on the Chinese Question," which was one of Charlotte Cushman's favorite humorous selections, is another instance of the author's gift for finding stories in the obviously commonplace, and of the rapidity with which she writes. "We were at supper one evening—we were living in the country at that time—when Mr. Gilder, then assistant editor of the old *Scribner's Monthly* —now *The Century Magazine*—was announced. Instead of coming in to tea as he was in the habit of doing, he made signs from the dining-room door that he wished to speak to me privately. Somebody had failed them at the eleventh hour, and Dr. Holland had sent out to say that they must have a humorous contribution from Mrs. Dodge the next morning. Protestations and expostulations

were received with counter protestations and expostulations, and after supper Mrs. Dodge went upstairs to write the article. "With not an idea in my head, I sat for a while gazing vacantly into space, and then, perhaps because there was no possible connection between the task in hand and a quick-witted Irish cook we had, she flashed before my mental vision and persistently filled it, obscuring everything except the blank sheet and a miserable consciousness of Mr. Gilder waiting confidingly downstairs. What key of association brought to mind the name of a Chinese servant of my sister, in San Francisco, is equally inexplicable—but in the imaginary by-play between these two characters the article took shape. The only difficulty was to write fast enough. When, an hour or so later, I carried it down to Mr. Gilder he tried to look pleased, but I have always felt that in time he must have shared my surprise at the public appreciation which it received."

Mrs. Dodge, already a well-known writer for grown people, had created a children's department in *Hearth and Home*, founded and edited by Donald G. Mitchell and Harriet Beecher Stowe, and some years later edited by Edward Eggleston, and had published the "Irvington Stories" and "Hans Brinker" when Mr. Roswell Smith asked if she would write him a letter embodying her idea of a

magazine for children. "But in the writing the letter developed into an article, so I drew my pen through the heading," said Mrs. Dodge, "and sent with the manuscript a note asking Mr. Roswell Smith to let me have it again. Mr. Eggleston, at that time the editor-in-chief of *Hearth and Home,* had told me that he needed something to fill a space left blank by the illness of one of our regular contributors, and therefore I told him of the letter I had just sent off. But the next day I received a note from Mr. Roswell Smith enclosing a check instead of my manuscript—which appeared as an article in the next month's issue of *Scribner's Monthly.*"

Not long after, Mrs. Dodge was asked by Mr. Roswell Smith to edit a magazine for children upon the lines drawn in her letter. Meanwhile, wishing to give her undivided time to writing, she had refused a very handsome offer to become the editor of *Hearth and Home.* Her two sons were then at college, and it was eventually the younger son that turned the scale in favor of the Scribner proposition. He had studied beyond his strength, and his mother felt that he needed an extended vacation and change of scene. She herself had long wished to go abroad, and so, when she was offered a salary to begin upon the day of the preliminary offer—this was in April or May—with the under-

standing that the initial number of the magazine was not to appear until January, and freedom to spend the intervening time where and as she chose, she accepted the offer.

From the first everything was left entirely in her hands. "If I asked for suggestions, I received one unvarying answer: 'It is your magazine; do what you think best.' The choice of a name was a difficulty that assumed gigantic proportions. I wrote to two or three friends asking for suggestions, but none that were offered fulfilled what seemed to me an essential—that the name should belong to no time or nationality, and that it should belong inalienably to all children. I was in my aunt's drawing-room one day, waiting for her return home, when I said to myself, 'You must find a name before you leave this room.' And then 'St. Nicholas' came to me. I never had a misgiving about it; it seemed impossible that I should ever have thought of any other." The house decided to bring out the first number in November, and Mrs. Dodge returned from Europe, having found nothing in the publications there to modify her original plan. At the end of the year the new magazine had outstripped all competitors. Indeed, within a few months after the issue of the first number, Messrs. Osgood & Co. frankly acknowledged that they could not stand against their rival, and made a

proposition which resulted in the merging of *Our Young Folks* into *St. Nicholas.*

St. Nicholas is now a household word both in England and America, an influence so long established that it is taken for granted, but its birth and growth have meant the creation of a new school of literature for children. The ideals that have given "The Irvington Stories," "Donald and Dorothy," and "Hans Brinker; or, The Silver Skates" a permanent place in this literature have made *St. Nicholas* plastic and progressive. "A magazine for children can have no policy," the editor avows. "Influence springs from something deeper than opinion." It is this absence of policy, a spontaneity that has its source in a catholic sense of beauty and a whole-hearted adaptation to the demands of the present as well as the obligations of the past that endues *St. Nicholas* with youth as immortal as that of each day and generation.

But Mary Mapes Dodge is not only the playfellow of little children and the comrade of young folks, she is the poet of men and women who have contended with the horsemen and breasted the swelling of Jordan. "The Two Mysteries," "Enfoldings," and "The Compact" are the key-note to the woman herself. Depth and tenderness of feeling, intellectual poise, spiritual insight, and simplicity of expression are one with her and her work.

Mrs. Dodge was born in New York, and has spent the greater part of her life there. She comes of distinguished lineage; her mother was Sophia Furman, her father the noted scholar, scientist, and inventor, Professor James J. Mapes. She married, early in life, William Dodge, a prominent lawyer of New York. While still in her early youth she was left a widow with two little boys. A little later she entered the profession in which she has achieved international distinction. "Hans Brinker" has been translated into French, German, Dutch, Russian, and Italian. The French version won the Montheyon prize of the French Academy, and when Mrs. Dodge's son, some years ago, asked in Amsterdam for the best and most popular Dutch story for boys and girls, the bookseller handed him—to his delighted surprise—a Dutch translation of "Hans Brinker," with the remark that the best book of the kind was by an American woman. Not only this famous story, but many other notable compositions for young folk, in both prose and verse, were written during these busy years.

Mrs. Dodge permits no intrusion upon her home-life, but there are friends within the inner circle who count among their happiest memories the "den," arranged and decorated by herself, in which, during her early widowed life, she kept her sons' birthdays with simple gifts, a feast of nuts and

fruit, a birthday cake, and verses, written sometimes while the boys clamored for admittance—verses holding within their light-hearted greeting a kernel of sweet and wholesome inspiration. These birthdays rounded the circle of weekly holidays in which the mother belonged wholly to her children. Mrs. Dodge's only surviving son has inherited his mother's and grandfather's intellectual gifts. He is a well-known inventor and president of the Link-Belt Engineering Company and The Dodge Cold Storage Company, and in 1902 was elected president of the American Society of Mechanical Engineers.

Mrs. Dodge's New York home is filled with rare and beautiful things; original drawings, bas-reliefs, signed etchings and engravings, family portraits, old and modern pictures, antique furniture—the breath of inherited culture—and books, books everywhere. "An open book is a roomful," she said, with her hand on an author's copy. The drawing-room, library, and music-room are the centre of her domestic and social life—a gathering-place of chosen friends and of many well-known authors and artists. Her "study" is her work-room. Most of her editing is done here. From the first Mrs. Dodge has been a home-worker, going only once a week to the *St. Nicholas* office. As to her method of work, she confesses to a bad habit of writing without stay

or pause when she is in the fervor of composition, and an utter inability to work by the clock. She acknowledges, also, a bit of crankiness in preferring a quill pen to any other.

She spends her summers at her cottage in Onteora Park, and here, as in New York, she makes her home a place of

> . . . "gracious freedom, like the air
> Of open fields; its silence hath a speech
> Of royal welcome to the friends who reach
> Its threshold, and its upper chambers bear,
> Above their doors such spells, that, entering there
> And laying off the dusty garments, each
> Soul whispers to herself: 'Twere like a breach
> Of reverence in a temple could I dare
> Here speak untruth, here wrong my inmost thought.
> Here I grow strong and pure; here I may yield,
> Without shamefacedness, the little brought
> From out my poorer life, and stand revealed,
> And glad, and trusting, in the sweet and rare
> And tender presence which hath filled the air.'"

Rebecca Harding Davis

In Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

BY MRS. DAVIS

Born in Washington, Pennsylvania

Life in the Iron Mills.
Margaret Howth.
Waiting for the Verdict.
Dallas Galbraith.
A Law Unto Himself.
Kitty's Choice.
Frances Waldeaux.
Doctor Warrick's Daughter.

XXV

Rebecca Harding Davis

In Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

IT has been a long time since Rebecca Harding Davis published her first novel, "Margaret Howth." "A funny little book," she calls it, "in which I hammered my readers with the views and opinions smouldering for years in me—and forgot to tell a story." "Waiting for the Verdict," published soon after the war, approaches more nearly the author's present attitude to life and its problems. Views and opinions touch life at so many differing points that they have broadened into openness and perception in which the race problem —of the negro—is passed under succeeding lights having nothing in common except the tragic, inescapable shadow cast by each turn of the lantern. Then, too, the author remembers to tell a story, and a very human and interesting one. Whichever side of the question her readers may take there will scarcely be two opinions as to the interest of the story and the quality that makes the interest. And this may be said of everything Mrs. Davis has written, from "Dallas Galbraith" to "Frances Waldeaux." Her answer to a question about the

latter book is characteristic of the woman and her work:

"When I finished 'Frances Waldeaux' I couldn't decide which you believed the stronger influence in a man's life—his love for his mother or for his wife," someone once said to her.

"That is for you to decide," was her instant response.

This willingness to leave questions open, to acknowledge that every verdict must be an individual verdict; and an equally pronounced unwillingness to talk about herself, either as an individual or as an author, are distinctive traits of a writer who was one of the first American women to win international recognition as a thoughtful interpreter of American life and human nature.

Another thing not to be omitted in any attempt to bring Mrs. Davis's personality before her readers is the environment in which that part of her belonging to the public has budded, flowered, and borne the fruit of high-minded, persistent devotion to the profession of letters. She is primarily the house-mother, as innocent of ambition to be known as was Mrs. Oliphant, whose place in English life and literature is nearly akin to that Mrs. Davis holds in America. Both wrote, in the beginning, because writing came easily and eagerly to them; both have chosen to portray chiefly domestic life in their own

country, the bulk of their work is creative; both have been emphatic contradictions of the superstition of their day—that the pursuit of literature as a profession unfits a woman for family life and rational friendships; both have chosen to rest their claims to distinction upon their sons. Happily for Mrs. Davis the parallel ends here. The tragic drama of Mrs. Oliphant's motherhood finds no echo in the achievements, still full and vigorous, that makes Rebecca Harding Davis happy in her son's work.

For maternal love is almost a passion with her, and blending with it in scarcely unequal parts is love of country. She happened to be at the Warm Springs, in the Virginia Mountains, when news came that the Spanish fleet had been destroyed in attempting to escape from the Havana harbor. For weeks she had heard nothing from Richard Harding Davis, who was fighting as well as reporting fights. Those who saw her when, at the Fourth of July dinner, the orchestra struck into "The Star Spangled Banner" will never forget her. She was the first person on her feet, and as she faced the length of the large dining-room, her hands crossed on the chair in front of her, her head a little thrown back, she might have stood for Love and Renunciation—the model of the Christian mother and the Greek patriot.

Not that there is anything of the Greek in her appearance or her ideals. She has a square-cut face with strongly marked features, a reticent mouth, and earnest, dark brown eyes ready to kindle into merriment—the face of a woman who has thought and lived deeply and wisely—and a sense of right that refuses to bend to any sophistries about beauty or art for art's sake. Large sympathies, a keen sense of humor where humor does not trench upon ridicule or satire, and simplicity and vividness of expression make her a delightful companion. She has, too, a capacity—indispensable to the artist—for self-absorption and concentration upon the task in hand regardless of social allurements. Her habits of work at home are only to be guessed at, but during the summers she spends at the Warm Springs, at the end of an hour's talk, she always manages to escape from the shady veranda, and the friends and acquaintances who would detain her there, to the little white weather-boarded one-story cottage, built flat to the ground, and overlooking a lawn beautiful with close-cut, freshly springing grass and noble trees. Here she writes all of the morning and most of the afternoon—what, she will never say, any more than she will discuss what she has already given to the public. Silence, stony in its impenetrableness, is her refuge from admirers who want to talk over her books.

"But *why* won't you tell me anything when you know I have read and loved you ever since I was a little girl?" a young writer demanded one day.

"Because when you are mad about a thing you should never talk about it," she returned, and fled incontinently to her cottage.

"I have been very good to you," she said to the same person a day or two later, her eyes twinkling; "Senator —— was rejoicing this morning that there wasn't a person on the grounds who wrote—for newspapers or anything, and I didn't betray you."

Not long afterward, in answer to a request for criticism, she unconsciously enunciated two principles underlying everything she has written: "There is no such thing as a generality that covers the ground it takes," and "If you want a reader to see a thing you must slap him in the face with it."

Mrs. Davis was born in Washington, Pa., and is a daughter of Rachel Leet Wilson and Richard Harding. Since her marriage (1863) to Lester Clark Davis, the well-known editor of *The Public Ledger,* she has lived in Philadelphia; but much of her work has been done at her country home in Marion. Here for a part of every summer the family life is still unbroken, her sons returning for their vacation with as much delight as when, boy and college students, their most trusted and dearest

comrade was their mother. Mrs. Davis's intellectual outlook is not confined to her home and literature. She is abreast with the thought and movement of the day, entering into the life around her with the enthusiasm which is one of her most helpful and inspiring qualities and which is tempered and individualized by the habit of reflection.

Edith M. Thomas

In West New Brighton, New York

BY MISS THOMAS

Born in Chatham, Ohio

A New Year's Masque and Other Poems.
The Round Year.
Lyrics and Sonnets.
The Inverted Torch.
Fair Shadow Land.
In Sunshine Land.
In the Young World.

XXVI

Edith M. Thomas

In West New Brighton, New York

THOUGH Edith Thomas was born in Ohio, her mother was a native of Connecticut, and her father's family of Welsh origin. With the Welsh instinct for emigration and pioneering, they settled in the Western Reserve when it was little more than a wilderness. Here love of adventure and a taste for letters seem to have blended in her forefathers, just as later martial ideals mingled with the poet's childish dreams of a career. A paternal uncle was a school-teacher, a lawyer, a journalist, and one of Walker's filibustering band; Miss Thomas when a little girl showed a taste for books and made up her mind to be a soldier.

The martial ring is, however, conspicuously absent from her poems, though it finds an echo in the profession of her choice; to be a writer means to carry on a perpetual warfare that victory lends impetus to and defeat alone ends. Edith Thomas dates this warfare—the working period of her literary life—from 1877, the year in which the first poems that she regards as more serious than "unconsidered experiments" appeared in the *New York Graphic*. Long before this, when a school-girl in

Geneva, she wrote "in-doors and out-of-doors, in the street, in the school-yard, or wherever she might be when the poems 'came to her,'" finding, as she does now, suggestions in chance words and homely incidents, in the beauty breathing from sky and air. Through *The Century, The Atlantic,* and other magazines of the same order, she won, first, recognition from the reading public, then distinguished rank among contemporary writers, and, finally, the place that is now with one voice accorded her. "A New Year's Masque and Other Poems," "The Round Year," "Lyrics and Sonnets," "The Inverted Torch," "Fair Shadow Land," "In Sunshine Land," "In the Young World," "A White Swallow, with Other Verses," attest her capacity for work and the quality of it; while her love of nature and her interest in the graver questions and aspects of life are indicated by her choice of subjects. The tone of her poems is restrained and elevated, the diction sober and delicate.

Miss Thomas's personality is seen only in a measure through her creative work. So far from being a dreamer, she is alive to the current interests and topics of the day, delighting in the push and thrust of contact with large movements and the people who are living in them and inspiring them. She lives in Staten Island, a few feet from the sea. Though only seven miles from New York, the

scenery is as wild and picturesque as when General Putnam's head-quarters were there. Odd little houses, with beams let conspicuously into the masonry, show where the Huguenots settled, and visible traces of the Indian occupation complete the atmosphere of a day long past.

In charming contrast to the sylvan character of the surroundings and the quaint old foreign houses is the varied and interesting society of which Miss Thomas is a distinguished member. "The Boston Colony," of which George William Curtis was the centre, discuss the latest or the newest play, music and literature, art and science, politics and sociology, interweaving with the repose of country life the culture that comes of close touch with the life of the nation.

The busiest half of Miss Thomas's year is spent in New London at Stone Cottage, where in a cozy room, with deep window-seats shaded by overhanging ivy, she passes the working hours. These are not fixed; she works industriously, but refuses to be bound to hours or a desk. Many of her poems have been written while crossing New York Bay, and in summer most of her writing is done out of doors. In appearance Edith Thomas is the complement of her poems. Her features are delicately modelled, her brow has breadth and fulness, and her eyes, soft, dark, and compelling, are the eyes of a poet.

Elizabeth Stuart Phelps

In Gloucester, Massachusetts

BY MRS. WARD (Elizabeth Stuart Phelps)

Born in Boston, Massachusetts

The Gates Ajar.
Men, Women and Ghosts.
The Story of Avis.
An Old Maid's Paradise.
The Madonna of the Tubs.
A Singular Life.
Chapters from a Life.

XXVII

Elizabeth Stuart Phelps

In Gloucester, Massachusetts

"IT is impossible to forget the sense of dignity which marks the hour when one becomes a wage-earner," Elizabeth Stuart Phelps says in that delightful "story of the story-teller," "Chapters from a Life." "The humorous side of it is the least of it, or was in my case. I felt that I had suddenly acquired value—to myself, to my family, and to the world. Probably all people who write 'for a living' would agree with me in recalling the first check as the largest and most luxurious of life." It came to her at the mature age of thirteen, when she had recently been promoted to the dignity of high-necked dresses and sitting up until nine o'clock, amounted to the vast sum of $2.50—paid by an orthodox young people's periodical—and is perpetuated in some excellent photographs of Thorwaldsen's "Night" and "Morning" that hang in Mrs. Ward's rooms to-day. Her first venture was even earlier, and was accepted by the *Youth's Companion* and paid for by a year's copy of the paper.

But Mrs. Ward's real awakening to the intellectual life she traces to her father's reading to her,

three years later, the writings of De Quincey and the poems of Wordsworth. De Quincey and Wordsworth opened to her the world of letters, and, while she was still in her seventeenth year, "Aurora Leigh" "revealed to her her own nature." "I owe to Mrs. Browning," she writes, "the first visible aspiration (ambition is too low a word) to do some honest, hard work of my own in the World Beautiful, and for it." Her father's devoted energy, his scholarship, his "high thinking and plain living" had already fixed the ideals of life which have taken beneficent and beautiful form in effort extending over a period of thirty years and embracing short stories, novels, poems, and essays, and including the noble work done for the fishermen of Gloucester. For twenty years she spent six months of every year among them—first as a visitor, afterward as one of the most active and beloved members of their community—and her summer home is still on the confines of the old fishing town. Her work as a temperance lecturer and reformer—for that was what she really became to those tried and tempted fishermen—began in the seventies and lasted as long as her strength did. The murder—in a bar-room—of a fisherman, and the hour spent in his devastated home, scattered her traditions of prejudice against the temperance movement.

"I am going into that rum-shop next Sunday,"

she announced to a friend upon leaving the desolate home, "to hold a service." The initial step was easily taken; the bartender, to her amusement and amazement, welcomed her as his "saviour from social downfall." Nor was there any difficulty about an audience—the saloon was packed, chiefly with men. The crux of the situation was that the "lovely, gray-haired 'lady from Philadelphia,'" who had been trained by Phillips Brooks in his younger pastorate, and who Mrs. Ward expected to conduct the service, gently and persistently refused. Mrs. Ward had to speak for the first time in her life, and without preparation. Perhaps nothing will present her personality more forcibly than what she has to say about this service: "A great red stain in the floor was covered from sight by the crowd. To say that the audience was respectful is to say little enough. If we had been angels from the clouds or courts of heaven we could not have been received with more deference, more delicacy, or more attention. To say that no disturbance of any kind took place is again saying too little for the occasion. Not a foot stirred, not a lip whispered; indeed, it is quite within bounds to say that not an eye wandered. We read a little —not too much—from the Bible, and we sang a hymn or two, and I said a few words, and we came away. . . . We did not too much blame these men; they had reasons for getting drunk, which life

had never made apparent to us, nor did we berate the rum-seller; we were his guests. We read and spoke to them of better things; that was all."

The bartender's hospitality cooled as the excitement died out, and, after a few services, he refused the use of his saloon. It was not until the next summer that the work regularly began, of which Mrs. Ward says: " For three years I had the great happiness of serving the people who had needed and selected me. There and then, if ever, I became acquainted with life. I learned more from my Gloucester people than I ever taught them. . . ."

Her account of the " beginning " is characteristic: " The next year, when the Old Maids' Paradise was opened for the season, a person, indistinctly known to our domestic world as ' the vegetable man,' one day quietly made his way from the back door to the front, and boldly demanded that I should visit the Reform Club and give a temperance lecture. If he had asked me to discover the North Pole in a Gloucester dory I should have been less astounded, perhaps less shocked. In vain did I reason that I did not know what a reform club was; that I was not, and never might, could, would, or should be a lecturer, and that a temperance lecturer was a being so apart from my nature and qualifications that I was better fitted to salt fish upon the wharves than to assume the position which I was desired to fill.

The petitioner was dogged, obstinate, ingenious, and respectful. It seemed that the organization which he represented, having heard of the rum-shop services, had appointed a committee to request my presence in the appalling capacity specified, and no for an answer these enthusiasts declined to take.

"'I do not lecture,' I persisted, 'but I will come up to your club-room and help you somehow.' Thus compromising with my fate, I rode up in the vegetable man's carry-all to the club-room, and left it that first evening the firm friend of those struggling men and women, and of all like them, in hard positions and in service like theirs forever."

Gloucester is the scene of "An Old Maid's Paradise" and "Burglars in Paradise," and of "A Singular Life"—the story which, she says, "came out of the depths of the sea, and of a heart that has long loved the sea-people. Bayard is my dearest hero." Indeed, Gloucester is intimately associated with the most active period of her literary life. Though she has studiously eschewed everything approaching personalities in her creative work, many of her short stories smack of the old fishing town; and here, too, she wrote "The Story of Avis" just before succumbing to the illness which at one time threatened to withdraw her wholly from literary work. Wisely directed energy and capacity to adapt herself to existing conditions averted what would

have been scarcely less a misfortune to the reading public than to Mrs. Ward herself. For her value has been a steadily increasing value. Succeeding years have enriched and chastened her technique, while taking nothing from the vividness, the spiritual passion, the power to strike the human note which won acceptance in *Harper's Magazine* (1864) for her first story, "A Sacrifice Consumed," and elicited from Whittier and Thomas Wentworth Higginson letters of congratulation upon her first mill-story, "The Tenth of January," founded on the fall of the Pemberton Mill, and published in *The Atlantic*.

These two stories are marked with red letters on the author's calendar of literary success; but between them stretch a rapid sequence of accepted stories and, alas! the hack-work that all writers rebel against however eager they must be to get it. Happily, Elizabeth Stuart Phelps was young and innocent enough to rejoice in the sets of Sunday-school books she "did"—four in a set, and, what seems almost incredible, four in a year—and to accept cheerfully $100 each for the "Tiny" set, and, with an abandonment of gratitude, $150 each for the "Gypsy" set. She also contributed regularly to weekly denominational papers secular articles, though, strictly speaking, she was never a journalist.

Her first recollections are of being knocked down

by her dog in her father's area in Boston, and being "crowed over by a rooster of abnormal proportions that towered between her and the sky," but all the influences of her life date from Andover. When she was three years old, her father, the Rev. Dr. Austin Phelps, resigned his Boston pulpit for the professorship of Rhetoric and Homiletics in Andover Seminary; and it was in Andover that she was educated and did her earliest literary work. Across the greensward, which as a baby of three she had indignantly demanded should be supplanted by a brick sidewalk to play upon, she trudged, skipped, or skated, as the weather or her spirits made most expedient, to Mrs. Edwards's School for Young Ladies—frivolously known as the "Nunnery"—and in the old white house, fragrant with helpful and happy memories of the gifted young mother who had also written, she wrote her first stories and her first novel, "The Gates Ajar." It may be safely said that no book of fiction ever created wider controversy; certainly few have given an author as much pleasure and as much pain, or have been as generally translated.

Its genesis and completion are best told in Elizabeth Stuart Phelps's own words: "It is impossible to remember how or when the idea of the book first visited me. Its publication bears the date of 1869, but I am told that the exact time was in 1868—

since publishers sometimes give to an autumn book the date of the coming year. My impressions are that it may have been toward the close of 1864 that the work began, for there was work in it, more than its imperfect and youthful character might lead one ignorant of the art of book-making to suppose. At that time, it will be remembered, our country was dark with sorrowing women. The regiments came home, but the mourners went about the streets. . . . Into that great world of woe my little book stole forth, trembling. So far as I can remember having had any 'object' at all in its creation, I wished to say something that would comfort some few—I did not think at all about comforting many, not daring to suppose that incredible privilege possible —of the women whose misery crowded the land. . . . How the book grew, who can say? In a sense, I scarcely knew that I wrote it. Yet it signified labor and time, crude and young as it looks to me now. . . . Every sentence received the best attention which it was in the power of my inexperience and youth to give. I wrote and rewrote. The book was revised so many times that I could have said it by heart. The process of forming and writing 'The Gates Ajar' lasted, I think, nearly two years." The writing was done wherever she could find quiet: sometimes in her own little room overlooking the garden, sometimes in the attic or

an unfrequented closet, sometimes in the barn or on the hay-mow.

Mrs. Ward's finest achievement—for " The Confessions of a Wife " is still avowedly anonymous, though those who love and admire Elizabeth Stuart Phelps most are not to be convinced that she is not its author—is " The Story of a Singular Life." It is, too, her latest acknowledged novel, and was written chiefly at her home in Newton Centre, Mass. Here, within twenty-five minutes' ride of Boston, she lives from October to June, in the happy seclusion of absorbing work done under the stimulus of sympathetic criticism and companionship and in obedience to the law of regular hours and periods. For, in the beginning of her life as a writer, Mrs. Ward formed the habit of work which she believes to be the keenest spur to whatever may be meant by inspiration, and which she has made the secure basis of incessant and fruitful activity.

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